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THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

---

Say, human Seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that ſoul, which animates each line,
And how it runs with ſuch a graceful eaſe,
Loaded with pond'rous ſenſe!——We are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 't is employs the bleſs'd, what makes their bliſs;
Songs ſuch as WATTS's are, and love like his. GROVE.

Sov'reign of Sacred Verſe! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praiſe.——
No vulgar themes thy pious Muſe engage,
No ſcenes of luſt pollute thy ſacred page:
You in majeſtick numbers mount the ſkies,
And meet deſcending angels as you riſe,
Whoſe juſt applauſes charm the crowded groves,
And Addiſon thy tuneful ſong approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each ſprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muſe is thine. BRITANNICUS.

---

VOL. III.

EDINBURGH:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY FOULIS & MARTINE.
M,DCC,LXXII.

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

## VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS

# HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

I. *COLLECTED FROM THE SCRIPTURES.*

II. *COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.*

III. *PREPARED FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.*

---

*Rev.* v. 9 *And they sung a new song saying, Thou art worthy, &c. for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us.*

*Solis effent (i. e. Christiani) convenire, carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere.* PLIN. *in Epist.*

---

Hail, heav'n-born Muse! that with celestial flame
And high seraphick numbers durst attempt
To gain thy native skies.——With thought sublime
And high sonorous words thou sweetly sing'st
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height stupendous, while thou soar'st
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father. STANDEN.

Seraphick heights I seem to gain
And sacred transports see!
While WATTS! to thy celestial strain
Surpris'd I listen still.
The gliding streams their course forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending forest lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget. PHILOMELA.

---

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

*Anno* 1782.

Gift
Geddes Family
4-29-32

# PREFACE.

WHILE we ſing the praiſes of our God in his church we are employed in that part of worſhip which of all others is the neareſt akin to heaven, and it is pity that this of all others ſhould be performed the worſt upon earth. The goſpel brings us nearer to the heavenly ſtate than all the former diſpenſations of God amongſt men; and in theſe laſt days of the goſpel we are brought almoſt within ſight of the kingdom of our Lord, yet we are very much unacquainted with the ſongs of the New Jeruſalem, and unpractiſed in the work of praiſe. To ſee the dull indifference, the negligent and the thoughtleſs air, that ſits upon the faces of a whole aſſembly while the pſalm is on their lips might tempt even a charitable obſerver to ſuſpect the fervency of inward religion, and it is much to be feared that the minds of moſt of the worſhippers are abſent or unconcerned. Perhaps the modes of preaching in the beſt churches ſtill want ſome degrees of refor-

mation, nor are the methods of prayer ſo perfect as to ſtand in need of no correction or improvement; but of all our religious ſolemnities pſalmody is the moſt unhappily managed, that every action which ſhould elevate us to the moſt delightful and divine ſenſations doth not only flat our devotion but too often awaken our regret, and touches all the ſprings of uneaſineſs within us.

I have been long convinced that one great occaſion of this evil ariſes from the matter and words to which we confine all our ſongs: ſome of them are almoſt oppoſite to the ſpirit of the goſpel, many of them foreign to the ſtate of The New Teſtament, and widely

veil of Moſes is thrown over our hearts. While we are kindling into divine love by the meditations of the lovingkindneſs of God, and the multitude of his tender mercies, within a few verſes ſome dreadful curſe againſt men is propoſed to our lips, that God would add iniquity unto their iniquity, nor let them come into his righteouſneſs, but blot them out of the book of the living, *Pſal.* lxix. 26, 27, 28. which is ſo contrary to the new commandment of loving our enemies, and even under The Old Teſtament is beſt accounted for by referring it to the ſpirit of prophetick vengeance. Some ſentences of the Pſalmiſt that are expreſſive of the temper of our own hearts and the circumſtances of our lives may compoſe our ſpirits to ſeriouſneſs, and allure us to a ſweet retirement within ourſelves; but we meet with a following line which ſo peculiarly belongs but to one action or hour of the life of David or of Aſaph that breaks off our ſong in the midſt; our conſciences are affrighted leſt we ſhould ſpeak a falſehood unto God. Thus the powers of our ſouls are ſhocked on a ſudden, and our ſpirits ruffled before we have time to reflect that this may be ſung only as a hiſtory of ancient ſaints; and perhaps in ſome inſtances that ſalvo is hardly ſufficient neither; beſides, it almoſt always ſpoils the devotion by breaking the uniform thread of it; for while our lips and our hearts run on ſweetly

together, applying the words to our own caſe, there is ſomething of divine delight in it; but at once we are forced to turn off the application abruptly, and our lips ſpeak nothing but the heart of David. Thus our own hearts are as it were forbid the purſuit of the ſong, and then the harmony and the worſhip grow dull of mere neceſſity.

Many miniſters and many private Chriſtians have long groaned under this inconvenience, and have wiſhed rather than attempted a reformation. At their importunate and repeated requeſts I have for ſome years paſt devoted many hours of leiſure to this ſervice. Far be it from my thoughts to lay aſide the

world: nor is the attempt vainglorious or preſuming; for in reſpect of clear evangelical knowledge "The leaſt in the kingdom of heaven is greater than "all the Jewiſh prophets," *Mat.* xi. 11.

Now let me give a ſhort account of the following Compoſures.

The greateſt part of them are ſuited to the general ſtate of the goſpel and the moſt common affairs of Chriſtians. I hope there will be very few found but what may properly be uſed in a religious aſſembly, and not one of them but may well be adapted to ſome ſeaſons either of private or of publick worſhip. The moſt frequent tempers and changes of our ſpirit and conditions of our life are here copied, and the breathings of our piety expreſſed according to the variety of our paſſions, our love, our fear, our hope, our deſire, our ſorrow, our wonder, and our joy, as they are refined into devotion, and act under the influence and conduct of the bleſſed Spirit, all converſing with God the Father by the new and living way of acceſs to the throne, even the perſon and mediation of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. To him alſo, even to the Lamb that was ſlain and now lives, I have addreſſed many a ſong; for thus doth the holy ſcripture inſtruct and teach us to worſhip in the various ſhort patterns of Chriſtian Pſalmody deſcribed in the Revelation. I have avoided the more obſcure and controverted points of Chri-

ſtianity, that we might all obey the direction of the word of God, and "ſing his praiſes with underſtanding," *Pſal.* xlvii. 7. The contentions and diſtinguiſhing words of ſects and parties are ſecluded, that whole aſſemblies might aſſiſt at the harmony, and different churches join in the ſame worſhip, without offence.

If any expreſſions occur to the reader that ſavour of an opinion different from his own, yet he may obſerve theſe are generally ſuch as are capable of an extenſive ſenſe, and may be uſed with a charitable latitude. I think it is moſt agreeable that what is provided for

devotion. If the verſe appears ſo ge
to incur the cenſure of feebleneſs,
firm that ſometimes it coſt me labo
ſome of the beauties of poeſy are ne
wilfully defaced. I have thrown o
were too ſonorous, and have given
verſe, left a more exalted turn of thou
ſhould darken or diſturb the devotion
ſouls. But hence it comes to paſs th
forced to lay aſide many Hymns after
niſhed, and utterly exclude them from
becauſe of the bolder figures of ſpeech
themſelves into the verſe, and a more u
riety of number, which I could not eaſil

These, with many other divine and m
ſures, are now printed in a ſecond edition
entitled *Hora Lyricæ*; for as in that book
deavoured to pleaſe and profit the politer p
kind without offending the plainer ſort of
ſo in this it has been my labour to promot
entertainments of ſouls truly ſerious, ev
neaneſt capacity, and at the ſame time if
o give diſguſt to perſons of richer ſenſe and
ition; and I hope in the preſent volume th
pear to be purſued with much greater
an in the firſt impreſſion of it, though th
es me the former has not much reaſon to

The whole is divided into Three Books.

In the *firſt* I have borrowed the ſenſe and much of the form of the ſong from ſome particular portions of ſcripture, and have paraphraſed moſt of the doxologies in The New Teſtament that contain any thing in them peculiarly evangelical, and many parts of The Old Teſtament alſo that have a reference to the times of the Meſſiah. In theſe I expect to be often cenſured for a too religious obſervance of the words of ſcripture, whereby the verſe is weakened and debaſed according to the judgment of the criticks; but as my whole deſign was to aid the devotion of Chriſtians, ſo

to attempt this glorious work, I have ſuffered myſelf to be perſuaded to begin it, and have through divine goodneſs already proceeded half way through.

The *ſecond part* conſiſts of Hymns whoſe form is of mere human compoſure; but I hope the ſenſe and materials will always appear divine. I might have brought ſome text or other and applied it to the margin of every verſe, if this method had been as uſeful as it was eaſy. If there be any poems in the book that are capable of giving delight to perſons of a more refined taſte and polite education, perhaps they may be found in this part; but except they lay aſide the humour of criticiſm, and enter into a devout frame, every ode here already deſpairs of pleaſing. I confeſs myſelf to have been too often tempted away from the more ſpiritual deſigns I propoſed by ſome gay and flowery expreſſions that gratified the fancy; the bright images too often prevailed above the fire of divine affection, and the light exceeded the heat; yet I hope in many of them the reader will find that devotion dictated the ſong, and the head and hand were nothing but interpreters and ſecretaries to the heart; nor is the magnificence or boldneſs of the figures comparable to that divine licence which is found in the eighteenth and ſixty-eighth Pſalms, ſeveral chapters of Job, and other poetical parts of ſcripture: and in this reſpect I may hope to eſcape the reproof of thoſe who pay a ſacred reverence to The Holy Bible.

I have prepared the *third part* only for the celebration of The Lord's Supper, that in imitation of our bleſſed Saviour we might ſing an hymn after we have partaken of the bread and wine. Here you will find ſome paraphraſes of ſcripture and ſome other compoſitions. There are above an hundred hymns in the two former parts that may very properly be uſed in this ordinance, and ſometimes perhaps appear more ſuitable than any of theſe laſt; but there are expreſſions generally uſed in theſe which confine them only to the table of the Lord, and therefore I have diſtinguiſhed and ſet them by themſelves.

proſpect and a bigger hope of much more ſervice to the church by the large improvements of this edition, if the Lord who dwells in Sion ſhall favour it with his continued bleſſing.

*Note*, "In all the longer hymns, and in ſome of the "ſhorter, there are ſeveral ſtanzas included in crotch-"ets thus [ ], which ſtanzas may be left out in ſing-"ing without diſturbing the ſenſe. Thoſe parts are "alſo included in ſuch crotchets which contain words "too poetical for meaner underſtandings, or too par-"ticular for whole congregations, to ſing. But after "all it is beſt in publick pſalmody for the miniſter to "chuſe the particular parts and verſes of the pſalm or "hymn that is to be ſung, rather than leave it to the "judgment or caſual determination of him that leads "the tune."

*Note*, "Since the ſixth edition of this book the Au-"thor has finiſhed what he had ſo long promiſed, "*viz.* The Pſalms of David imitated in the language "of The New Teſtament, which the world ſeems to "have received with approbation, by the ſale of ſome "thouſands in a year's time. It is preſumed that that "book, in conjunction with this, may appear to be "ſuch a ſufficient proviſion for pſalmody as to an-"ſwer moſt occaſions of the Chriſtian life; and if an

# TABLE

## TO FIND ANY HYMN BY THE FIRST LINE.

*Note, The letters* a, b, c, *denote the firſt, ſecond, or third Book; the figures direct to the Hymn.*


A

| | B. | H. |
|---|---|---|
| Adore and tremble, for our God, | a | 42 |
| Alas! and did my Saviour bleed, | b | 9 |
| All mortal vanities be gone, | a | 25 |
| And are we wretches yet alive, | b | 105 |
| And muſt this body die, | b | 110 |
| And now the ſcales have left mine eyes, | b | 81 |
| Ariſe my ſoul, my joyful pow'rs, | b | 82 |
| At thy command our deareſt Lord, | c | 19 |
| Attend while God's exalted Son, | b | 130 |
| Awake my heart, ariſe my tongne, | a | 20 |
| Awake our ſouls, away our fears, | a | 48 |
| Away from ev'ry mortal care, | b | 123 |

B

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Backward with humble ſhame we look, | a | 57 |
| Begin my tongue ſome heav'nly theme, | b | 69 |
| Behold how ſinners diſagree, | a | 131 |
| Behold the blind their ſight receive, | b | 137 |
| Behold the glories of the Lamb, | a | 1 |
| Behold the grace appears, | a | 3 |
| Behold the potter and the clay, | a | 117 |
| Behold the roſe of Sharon here, | a | 68 |

Glory to God that walks the ſky,
Glory to God the Father's name,
God is a Spirit juſt and wiſe,
God of the morning, at whoſe voice,
God of the ſeas, thy thund'ring voice,
God! the eternal awful name,
God who in various methods told,
Go preach my goſpel, ſaith the Lord,
Go worſhip at Immanuel's feet,
Great God! how infinite art thou,
Great God! I own thy ſentence juſt,
Great God! thy glories ſhall employ,
Great God! to what a glorious height,
Great King of glory and of grace,
Great was the day, the joy was great

## D


| | B. | H. |
|---|---|---|
| Daughters of Sion come, behold, | a | 72 |
| Dear Lord! behold our ſore diſtreſs, | b | 163 |
| Deareſt of all the names above, | b | 148 |
| Death cannot make our ſouls afraid, | b | 49 |
| Death may diſſolve my body now, | a | 27 |
| Death! 't is a melancholy day, | b | 52 |
| Deceiv'd by ſubtile ſnares of hell, | a | 107 |
| Deep in the duſt before thy throne, | a | 124 |
| Deſcend from heav'n immortal Dove, | b | 23 |
| Do we not know that ſolemn word, | a | 122 |
| Down headlong from their native ſkies, | b | 96 |
| Dread Sov'reign! let my ev'ning ſong, | b | 7 |


## E


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Ere the blue heav'ns were ſtretch'd abroad, | a | 2 |
| Eternal Sov'reign of the ſky, | b | 149 |
| Eternal Spirit, we confeſs, | b | 133 |


## F


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Faith is the brighteſt evidence, | a | 120 |
| Far from my thoughts vain world be gone, | b | 15 |
| Father! I long, I faint, to ſee, | b | 68 |
| Father! we wait to feel thy grace, | c | 24 |
| Firm and unmov'd are they, | a | 23 |
| Firm as the earth thy goſpel ſtands, | a | 138 |
| From heav'n the ſinning angels fell, | b | 97 |
| From thee my God my joys ſhall riſe, | b | 75 |

I
ıt bear thine abſence Lord,
mmortal praiſe,
he tempter and his charms,
y banners ſaith the Lord,
he windows of thy grace,
ıt aſham'd to own my Lord,
he joys of earth away,
ny Saviour's wondrous death,
h ſpeaks, let Iſrael hear,
h reigns, his throne is high,
thee our eyes behold,
vites his ſaints,

| L. | B. H. |
|---|---|
| vith guilt and full of fears, | b 119 |
| our tongues be one, | c 9 |
| rlasting glories crown, | b 131 |
| ry mortal ear attend, | a 7 |
| d the Father live, | c 28 |
| n embrace my soul and live, | a 66 |
| d the Maker's name, | c 31 |
| but hear my Saviour say, | a 15 |
| ortal tongues attempt to sing, | a 58 |
| iers boast how strong they be, | b 19 |
| arisees of high esteem, | a 133 |
| old Heathens tune their songs, | b 21 |
| seventh angel sound on high, | a 65 |
| whole race of creatures lie, | b 99 |
| wild leopards of the wood, | b 160 |
| em neglect thy glory Lord, | b 35 |
| adore th' Eternal Word, | c 5 |
| id immortal joys are giv'n, | b 125 |
| the time to serve the Lord, | a 88 |
| your eyes to th' heav'nly seats, | b 37 |
| neep we went astray, | a 142 |
| young tribes of Adam rise, | a 90 |
| at a glorious sight appears, | a 21 |
| at an entertaining sight, | a 44 |
| have I sat beneath the sound, | b 165 |
| gracious God! how num'rous they, | a 87 |
| at thy temple we appear, | a 19 |

Lord! what a feeble piece,
Lord! what a heav'n of ſaving grace,
Lord! what a thoughtleſs wretch was I,
Lord! what a wretched land is this,
Lord! when my thoughts with wonder roll,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord,

M

Man has a ſoul of vaſt deſires,
Miſtaken ſouls! that dream of heav'n,
My dear Redeemer and my Lord!
My drowſy pow'rs why ſleep ye ſo,
My God! how endleſs is thy love,
My God, my life, my love!
My God, my portion, and my love!
My God! permit me not to be,
My God! the ſpring of all my joys,
My God! what endleſs pleaſures dwell,
My heart how dreadful hard it is,
My Saviour God, my Sov'reign Prince
*My ſoul, come meditate the day,*

Nature with all her pow'r ſhall ſing,
Nature with open volume ſtands,
No, I 'll repine at death no more,
No, I ſhall envy them no more,
No more my God, I boaſt no more,
Nor eye has ſeen nor ear has heard,
Not all the blood of beaſts,
Not all the outward forms on earth,
Not diff'rent food or diff'rent dreſs,
Not from the duſt affliction grows,
Not the malicious or profane,
Not to condemn the ſons of men,
Not to the terrours of the Lord,
Not with our mortal eyes,
Now be the God of Iſrael bleſs'd,
Now by the bowels of my God,
Now for a tune of lofty praiſe.

Now to the Lord that makes us know,
Now to the pow'r of God ſupreme,

O

O for an overcoming faith,
O! if my ſoul were form'd for wo,
O the almighty Lord,
O the delights, the heav'nly joys,
Often I ſeek my Lord by night,
Once more my ſoul the riſing day,
Our days alas! our mortal days,
Our God how firm his promiſe ſtands,
Our ſins alas! how ſtrong they be,
Our ſouls ſhall magnify the Lord,
Our ſpirits join t' adore the Lamb,

| | B. H. |
|---|---|
| See where the great incarnate God, | a 45 |
| Shall the vile race of flesh and blood, | a 87 |
| Shall we go on to sin, | a 10 |
| Shall Wisdom cry aloud, | a 9 |
| Shine mighty God! on Britain shine, | a |
| Shout to the Lord, and let our joys, | b |
| Sin has a thousand treach'rous arts, | b |
| Sin like a venemous disease, | b |
| Sing to the Lord that built the skies, | |
| Sing to Lord with joyful voice, | |
| Sing to the Lord ye heav'nly hosts, | |
| Sitting around our Father's board, | |
| So did the Hebrew prophet raise, | |
| So let our lips and lives express, | |
| So newborn babes desire the breast, | |
| Stand up my soul, shake off thy fears, | |
| Stoop down my thoughts that use to rise, | |
| Strait is the way, the door is strait, | |
| T | |
| Terrible God that reign'st on high, | |
| That awful day will surely come, | |
| Thee we adore, Eternal Name! | |
| The glories of my maker God, | |
| The God of mercy be ador'd, | |
| The King of glory sends his Son, | |
| The lands that long in darkness lay, | |
| The law by Moses came, | |

| | B. H. |
|---|---|
| Now let the Lord my Saviour ſmile, | b 50 |
| Now Satan comes with dreadful roar, | b 157 |
| Now ſhall my inward joys ariſe, | a 30 |
| Now to the Lord a noble ſong, | b 47 |
| Now to the Lord that makes us know, | a 61 |
| Now to the pow'r of God ſupreme, | a 137 |
| O | |
| O for an overcoming faith, | a 17 |
| O! if my ſoul were form'd for wo, | b 106 |
| O the almighty Lord, | b 80 |
| O the delights, the heav'nly joys, | b 91 |
| Often I ſeek my Lord by night, | a 71 |

| | B. | H. |
|---|---|---|
| See where the great incarnate God, | a | 45 |
| Shall the vile race of fleſh and blood, | a | 82 |
| Shall we go on to ſin, | a | 106 |
| Shall Wiſdom cry aloud, | a | 92 |
| Shine mighty God! on Britain ſhine, | a | 35 |
| Shout to the Lord, and let our joys, | b | 92 |
| Sin has a thouſand treach'rous arts, | b | 50 |
| Sin like a venemous diſeaſe, | b | 153 |
| Sing to the Lord that built the ſkies, | b | 13 |
| Sing to Lord with joyful voice, | a | 43 |
| Sing to the Lord ye heav'nly hoſts, | b | 62 |
| Sitting around our Father's board, | c | 23 |
| So did the Hebrew prophet raiſe, | a | 112 |
| So let our lips and lives expreſs, | a | 132 |
| So newborn babes deſire the breaſt, | a | 143 |
| Stand up my ſoul, ſhake off thy fears, | b | 77 |
| Stoop down my thoughts that uſe to riſe, | b | 28 |
| Strait is the way, the door is ſtrait, | b | 161 |
| T | | |
| Terrible God that reign'ſt on high, | b | 22 |
| That awful day will ſurely come, | b | 107 |
| Thee we adore, Eternal Name! | b | 55 |
| The glories of my maker God, | b | 71 |
| The God of mercy be ador'd, | c | 30 |
| The King of glory ſends his Son, | b | 136 |
| The lands that long in darkneſs lay, | a | 13 |
| The law by Moſes came, | a | 118 |

| | B. | H. |
|---|---|---|
| When in the light of faith divine, | b | 101 |
| When I ſurvey the wondrous croſs, | c | 7 |
| When we are rais'd from deep diſtreſs, | a | 55 |
| When ſtrangers ſtand and hear me tell, | a | 76 |
| When the firſt parents of our race, | b | 78 |
| When the great builder ſtretch'd the ſkies, | b | 24 |
| Where are the mourners ſaith the Lord, | b | 154 |
| Who can deſcribe the joys that riſe, | a | 101 |
| Who has believ'd thy word, | a | 141 |
| Who is this fair one in diſtreſs, | a | 78 |
| Who ſhall the Lord's elect condemn, | a | 14 |
| Why did the Jews proclaim their rage, | a | 4 |
| Why does your face ye humble ſouls, | b | 85 |
| Why do ye mourn departing friends, | b | 3 |
| Why is my heart ſo far from thee, | b | 20 |
| Why ſhould the children of a king, | a | 144 |
| Why ſhould this earth delight us ſo, | b | 164 |
| Why ſhould we ſtart and fear to die, | b | 31 |
| With cheerful voice I ſing, | a | 48 |

# INDEX.

*Note, The letters a, b, c, ſignify the firſt, ſecond, and third Book; the figures direct to the Hymn. If you find not what Hymn you ſeek under one word of the title, ſeek it under another, or by ſome word that is of the ſame ſignification, though perhaps not mentioned in the title of the Hymn.*


A

AARON and Chriſt a 145. Moſes and Joſhua b 121.
Abraham's bleſſing on the Gentiles a 60, 113, 114. b 134. offering his ſon a 129.
Abſence and preſence of God b 93, 94, 100. from God for ever intolerable b 107.
Acceſs to the throne by a Mediator b 108.
Adam his fall a 107. corrupt nature from him b 128. the firſt and the ſecond a 57, 124.
Adoption a 64, 143. and election a 54.
Advocate. See *Chriſt's interceſſion.*
Affections inconſtant b 20. unſanctified b 165.
Afflicted, Chriſt's compaſſion to them, b 125.
Afflictions removed a 87. ſubmitted to a 5, 129. b 109. Support and comfort under them b 50, 65. and death under providence a 83.
Almoſt Chriſtian b 158.
Angels ſinning b 24. ſtanding and falling b 27. praiſe ye the Lord b 27. puniſhed and man ſaved b 96, 97. *their miniſtry* to Chriſt and ſaints b 18, 112, 113.

When the firſt parents of our race,
When the great builder ſtretch'd the f
Where are the mourners faith the Lor
Who can deſcribe the joys that riſe,
Who has believ'd thy word,
Who is this fair one in diſtreſs,
Who ſhall the Lord's elect condemn,
Why did the Jews proclaim their rage
Why does your face ye humble ſouls,
Why do ye mourn departing friends,
Why is my heart ſo far from thee,
Why ſhould the children of a king,
Why ſhould this earth delight us ſo,
Why ſhould we ſtart and fear to die,
With cheerful voice I ſing,

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A

Aaron and Chriſt a 145. Moſes and Joſhua b 121.
Abraham's bleſſing on the Gentiles a 60, 113, 114. b 134. offering his ſon a 129.
Abſence and preſence of God b 93, 94, 100. from God for ever intolerable b 107.
Acceſs to the throne by a Mediator b 108.
Adam his fall a 107. corrupt nature from him b 128. the firſt and the ſecond a 57, 124.
Adoption a 64, 143. and election a 54.
Advocate. See *Chriſt's interceſſion.*
Affections inconſtant b 20. unſanctified b 165.
Afflicted, Chriſt's compaſſion to them, b 125.
Afflictions removed a 87. ſubmitted to a 5, 129. b 109. Support and comfort under them b 50, 65. and death under providence a 83.
Almoſt Chriſtian b 158.
Angels ſinning b 24. ſtanding and falling b 27. praiſe ye the Lord b 27. puniſhed and man ſaved b 96, 97. their miniſtry to Chriſt and ſaints b 18, 112, 113.

Ambition, &c. b 101.
Anger of God. See *Wrath, Vengeance, Hell.*
Anſwer to the church's prayers a 30.
Antichriſt his ruin a 29, 56, 59. See *Enemies.*
Apoſtate b 158.
Apoſtles' commiſſion a 128.
Aſcenſion and reſurrection of Chriſt b 76.
Aſſiſtance againſt temptations a 15, 32. b 50, 65.
Aſſurance of heaven a 27. b 65. of the love of Chriſt a 14. b 73. of faith a 103.
Attributes, See *God.*

B

Babylon falling a 16, 19. See *Enemies.*

Blood and fleſh of Chriſt is our food c 17, 18. the ſeal of The New Teſtament c 3. the Spirit and the water c 9.
Boaſting excluded a 96.
Bodies frail. See *Life*, *Health*, *Fleſh*.
Book of God's decrees b 99.
Bread of life is Chriſt c 5.
Breathing towards heaven b 23.
Britain's God praiſed b 1. for deliverance b 92.
Burial b 63. with Chriſt in baptiſm a 122. and death of a ſaint b 3.

C

CANAAN and heaven b 66, 124.
Carnal joys parted with b 10, 11. reaſon humbled a 11, 12.
Ceremonial. See *Law*, *Types*, *Prieſt*.
Characters of the children of God a 143. of Chriſt a 146, 150. of bleſſedneſs a 102.
Charity and unchaſitableneſs a 126. and love a 130, 133.
Children in the covenant of grace a 113, 114. devoted to God a 121. b 127.
Chriſt. See *Lord* and *Aaron* a 145. and *Adam* a 124. His aſcenſion b 76.
—— Beatifick ſight of him b 75. Beloved deſcribed a 75. the bread of life c 5.
—— His care of the young and feeble a 125, 138. and the church ſeeking, finding, &c. See

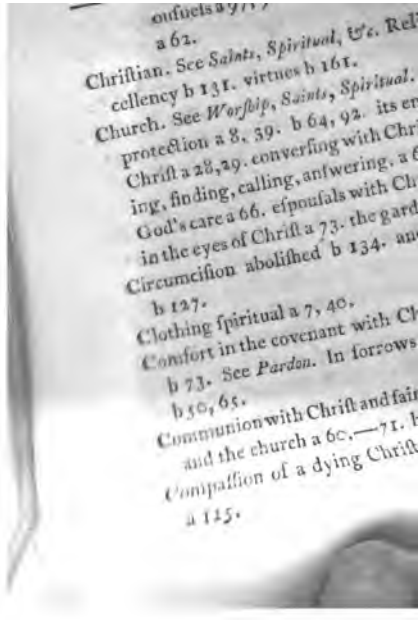
*Church.* Coming to judge a 61. His commiſſion b 103, 104. communion with him a 66, 71. and ſaints a 67, 76. c 2. compared to inanimate things a 146. his coronation and eſpouſals a 72. his croſs not to be aſhamed of c 19. crucified, God's wiſdom and power.

Chriſt David's Son a 16, 50. his death cauſed by ſin b 81. grace and glory by it c 23. victory and kingdom b 114. his divine nature a 2, 13, 92. b 52. dwells in heaven, viſits the earth a 76.

—— Enjoyment of him b 15, 16. his eternity a 2, 92. example b 139. excellencies a 52. b 47.

—— Faith and knowledge of him a 102. his fleſh and

abroad in the heart a 135. to men a 92. lifted up a 111.
Chriſt miniſtered to by angels b 112, 113. miracles at the birth of Chriſt b 139. miracles in his life, death, and reſurrection, b 137. and Moſes a 118, 149.
—— Names and titles a 147, 148. nativity a 33.
—— Obeyed or reſiſted a 93. his offices a 149, 150. b 132.
—— Pardon and ſtrength from him c 24. our paſſover b 155. his perſon glorious and gracious a 75. b 47. our phyſician a 112. his pity to the afflicted and tempted a 125. his Prieſthood a 145. b 118. his preſence. See *Preſence*, *Prophecies*, and types of him, b 135. Prophet, Prieſt, and King, a 25. b 132. our Prophet and Teacher a 93.
—— Redemption. See *Redeem*. Rejected by the Jews a 141. reſurrection b 72, 76. is our hope a 26. reſurrection, life, and death, miraculous b 137. revealed to man a 10. to babes a 11, 12. righteouſneſs valuable a 109.
—— His ſacrifice b 142. and interceſſion b 118. ſalvation, righteouſneſs, and ſtrength, in him a 15, 84, 85, 97, 98. our ſanctification a 97, 98. Satan at enmity a 107. ſaints in his hand a 138. our Shepherd a 8, 142. the ſubſtance of the types b 12. ſent by the Father a 100.




oufuels a 97.
a 62.
Chriſtian. See *Saints, Spiritual, &c.* Rel
cellency b 131. virtues b 161.
Church. See *Worſhip, Saints, Spiritual.*
protection a 8, 39. b 64, 92. its en
Chriſt a 28, 29. converſing with Chri
ing, finding, calling, anſwering, a 6
God's care a 66. eſpouſals with Ch
in the eyes of Chriſt a 73. the gard
Circumciſion aboliſhed b 134. an
b 127.
Clothing ſpiritual a 7, 40.
Comfort in the covenant with Ch
b 73. See *Pardon.* In ſorrows
b 50, 65.
Communion with Chriſt and fai
and the church a 60.—71. b
Compaſſion of a dying Chriſt
a 115.

Complaint of a hard heart b 98.
temptations b 163. of dulneſs b
ſin a 115. of ingratitude b 74.
gence b 25, 32.
Condemnation by the law a 91.
Condeſcenſion to our worſhip b 4
Confeſſion and pardon a 131.
Conſcience, good, the pleaſures of
awakened a 115.
Conſtancy in the goſpel b 4.
Contention and love a 130.
Converſion a 104. b 159. the dif
delayed a 88,—91. the joy of
Conviction of ſin by the law a 94
of Chriſt b 81, 95.
Corrupt nature from Adam a 51.
Covenant of grace a 9. children
ſealed and ſworn a 139. c 3. ho
with Chriſt our comfort b 4
and *Goſpel*.
Covetouſneſs, &c. a 24. b 56, 1
Courage and conſtancy a 14, 15,
Creation a 92. b 71, 147. new
&c. of this world b 13.
Creatures praiſe the Lord b 71.
God above them b 82. their
Croſs of Chriſt is our glory c 19.

b 103, 104. his ſufferings c 16. and godly ſorrow b 9, 106. and glory a 1, 62, 63. b 43, 81, 83, 84. c 10.
Chriſt, his titles and kingdom a 13. triumph over our enemies a 28, 29. types and prophecies of him b 135.
—— Victory over Satan a 89. death and hell c 21. unſeen and beloved a 108.
—— Wiſdom of God a 92. our wiſdom and righteouſneſs a 97, 98. worſhipped by the creation a 62.
Chriſtian. See *Saints, Spiritual, &c.* Religion, its ex-

Complaint of a hard heart b 98. of deſertion and temptations b 163. of dulneſs b 34. of indwelling ſin a 115. of ingratitude b 74. of ſloth and negligence b 25, 32.
Condemnation by the law a 91.
Condeſcenſion to our worſhip b 45. affairs b 46.
Confeſſion and pardon a 131.
Conſcience, good, the pleaſures of it b 57. ſecure and awakened a 115.
Conſtancy in the goſpel b 4.
Contention and love a 130.
Converſion a 104. b 159. the difficulty of it b 161. delayed a 88,—91. the joy of heaven a 101.
Conviction of ſin by the law a 94, 115. by the croſs of Chriſt b 81, 95.
Corrupt nature from Adam a 51. b 128.
Covenant of grace a 9. children therein a 113, 114. ſealed and ſworn a 139. c 3. hope in it a 139. made with Chriſt our comfort b 40. of works. See *Law* and *Goſpel*.
Covetouſneſs, &c. a 24. b 56, 101.
Courage and conſtancy a 14, 15, 48. b 4, 65.
Creation a 92. b 71, 147. new b 130. preſervation, &c. of this world b 13.
Creatures praiſe the Lord b 71. love dangerous b 48. God above them b 82. their vanity b 146.
Croſs of Chriſt is our glory c 19. repentance flowing

Dangers of our earthly pilgrimage b
and hell b 55. of love to the creature
Darkneſs diſpelled by Chriſt's preſence
vidence b 109.
Day of grace and time of duty a 88.
a 45, 61, 64, 89, 90.
Dead in the Lord their bleſſedneſs a 18.
croſs of Chriſt a 106.
Death. See *Chriſt*, and afflictions unde
a 83. terrible to the unconverted a 9
by the ſight of Chriſt c 14. b 31. by a
ven b 66. God's preſence in it b 49, 1
of it b 31. deſirable a 19. b 61. ove
triumphed over a 6. b 110. prepare
b 63. of a ſinner a 24, b 2. and buria
a 18. b 3. and eternity b 28. and
b 61. and the reſurrection b 3, 10
2.

Delight in worſhip b 14. in God b 42. in converſe with Chriſt b 15, 16.
Deliverance b 3. See *Enemies, Church.* And ſubmiſſion a 19. from ſpiritual enemies a 47. b 65, 82.
Dependence. See *Faith.*
Deſertion and temptation complained of b 163.
Deſire of Chriſt's preſence b 110. See more in *Heaven, Chriſt, Love, &c.*
Deſpair and preſumption a 115. b 156, 157.
Devil vanquiſhed a 58. See *Victory.*
Devotion fervent deſired b 34.
Difficulty of converſion b 161.
Diſſolution of this world b 13.
Diſeaſe. See *Sickneſs.*
Diſtemper, folly, and madneſs of ſin b 153.
Diſtinguiſhing love a 11, 12, 96, 117. b 96, 97.
Diving. See *God, Deity, &c.*
Dominion of God, and our deliverance b 3. eternal b 67. over the ſea b 70.
Doubts and fears ſuppreſſed b 73.
Dulneſs, ſpiritual b 25.

E

Earth, no reſt on it b 146. and heaven b 10, 11, 53.
Effuſion of the Spirit b 144.
Election excludes boaſting a 96. free a 11, 12, 54, 117. See *Decrees.*
End of the world b 164.
Enemies of the church diſappointed b 91, 92. ſalva-

tion from them b 82. triumphed over by Chriſt a 28, 29. See *Church*, *Babylon*, *Michael*.
Enjoyment of Chriſt b 15, 16. See *Worſhip*.
Enmity between Chriſt and Satan a 107.
Envy and love a 130.
Eſpouſals of the church to Chriſt a 72.
Eſtabliſhment in grace b 82.
Eternity of God b 17. of his dominion b 67. and death b 28. ſucceeding this life b 55. See *Heaven*, *Death*.
Evening and morning Hymns a 79, 80, 81. b 6, 7, 8.
Exaltation. See *Chriſt*, *Glory*, *Sufferings*, &c.
Example of Chriſt b 139. of ſaints b 140.
Excellency of the Chriſtian religion b 111.

Fervency of devotion desired b 34.
Few saved b 158.
Flesh and blood of Christ the best food c 17, 18. our tabernacle a 110. and spirit b 143.
Food spiritual a 7, 67, 68, 74. b 15. See *Feast*.
Forbearance. See *Patience*.
Forgiveness. See *Pardon*.
Formality in worship a 136.
Frail. See *Life, Health, For[illegible]s*, b. 165.
Frailty and folly b 32.
Free. See *Grace, Election*.
Freedom from sin and misc[illegible]ven b 86.
Funeral thought b 63. See [illegible], *Burial*.

G

Garden of Christ is the ch[illegible] a 74.
Garment of salvation a 7, 20.
Gentiles, Christ revealed to them a 10, 13, 50. c 13, 14. Abraham's blessing on them a 113, 114. b 134.
Glorified martyrs and saints a 40, 41. body b 110.
Glory and death a 110. b 61. See *Heaven*. Of God above our reason b 87. of Christ in heaven b 91. See *Christ*. And grace by the death of Christ c 23. justification and sanctification a 3. to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost c 26,—41. of God in the gospel b 126. and grace in the person of Christ b 47. and sufferings of Christ b 43. See *Sufferings*.
Glorying in the cross of Christ c 19.
God all and in all b 93, 94. his absence. See *Absence*.

DANGERS of our earthly pilgri
and hell b 55. of love to the c
Darkneſs diſpelled by Chriſt's p
vidence b 109.
Day of grace and time of duty
a 45, 61, 64, 89, 90.
Dead in the Lord their bleſſedn
croſs of Chriſt a 106.
Death. See *Chriſt*, and afflict
a 83. terrible to the unconv
by the ſight of Chriſt c 14.
ven b 66. God's preſence in
of it b 31. deſirable a 19.
triumphed over a 6. b 11
b 63. of a ſinner a 24, b 2
a 18. b 3. and eternity
b 61. and the reſurrection
mand b 49.

God his terrible majeſty b 22. and mercy b 80. his truth b 60, 69.
— vengeance b 44, 62. unity and trinity c 26,—41. His word a 53. wrath and mercy a 42.
Goodneſs of God b 58, 74. See *Grace*. And power of God a 42. b 80.
Goſpel feaſt c 12. See *Grace*, *Feaſt*. Invitation and proviſion a 7. c 20. times their bleſſedneſs a 10. See *Scripture*. Glorifies God b 126. no liberty to ſin a 106, 132, 140. not aſhamed of it a 103, c 19. and law a 94. b 120, 121, 124. its different ſucceſs a 119. b 144. miniſtry a 10. atteſted by miracles a 128. b 136, 137. its glorious effects b 138.
Government from God b 149.
Grace and glory by the death of Chriſt c 23. of the Spirit a 102. converting b 139. in exerciſe c 25. juſtifies a 94. ſanctifies and ſaves a 111. not conveyed by parents a 99. allſufficient in duty and ſufferings a 25, 32, 104. given in Chriſt a 137. covenant a 9. children in it a 113, 114. and holineſs a 132. electing a 54. its freedom, ſovereignty a 11, 12, 96, 117. b 96, 97. and glory in the perſon of Chriſt b 47. adopting a 64. perſevering a 51. promiſes a 7, 9. throne acceſſible by Chriſt b 36, 37, 108.
Gratitude for divine favours b 116.
Great Britain's God praiſed b 1.

H

Happiness. See *Bleſſed*, *Heaven*. Hardneſs of heart b 108.

Joſhua, Aaron, and Moſes b 124.
Joy, faith, and love a 108. of faith b 162. carnal parted with b 10, 11. heavenly upon earth a 135. b 30, 59. ſpiritual reſtored b 73. See more in *Delight*, *Comfort*.
Judgment-day a 45, 65, 89, 90. and hell b 62. Chriſt coming to it a 61.
Juſtice, &c. of God a 86.
Juſtification a 14. See *Pardon*. By faith not by works a 94, 109. ſanctification a 7, 20, 80, 85. b 90. and glory a 3.

K

Kingdom and titles of Chriſt a 12. of Chriſt among

Lord Jesus at his own table a 66. c 15. supper, preaching, and baptism b 141. supper instituted c 1. day a 72. delightful b 14. table provided for c 20. See more in *Christ*.

Love of Christ unchangeable a 14, 39. shed abroad in the heart a 135. its banquet a 68. a 13. of Christ in words and deeds a 77. of Christ its strength a 71. unseen a 108. to Christ b 100. to God pleasant and powerful b 38. and hatred a 130. faith and joy a 108. and charity a 153. of God in sending his Son a 100. b 103, 104. to God and our neighbour a 116. religion vain without it a 134. peace and meekness a 102. of Christ dying c 4, 22. to God inconstant b 20. to the creatures dangerous b 48. distinguishing a 11, 12. b 96, 97.

M

Madness, folly, and distemper of sin b 153

Magistrates honoured b 149.

Majesty of God terrible b 22, 62.

Malice and love a 130.

Man saved, and angels punished b 96, 97. mortal and vain a 82. his fall and recovery a 107.

Martyrdom a 14. b 4.

Martyrs glorified a 40, 41.

Mary the Virgin's song a 60.

Mediator the way to the throne of grace b 108.

Meditation of heaven b 162. and retirement b 122.

Memory weak b 165.

bſent Lord c 6.
1, 111. See *Grace*, *Wrath*, *Thanks*.
, come b 12.
ith the dragon a 58.
niſſion a 128.
els b 18. of the goſpel a 10.
baniſhed from heaven b 86. and ſhor
39. without God in the world b 5
See *Sinners*, *Death*, *Hell*.
evening ſongs a 79, 80, 81. b 6, 7.
d vanity of man a 82.
n to the world by the fight of God b
oſs of Chriſt b 1, 6. c 7.
Chriſt a 49, 118. Moſes dying b 49.
ua b 124.
. See *Complaint*, *Repentance*.
revealed a 11, 12.

N

AL mercies and thanks b 1, 111.
of Chriſt a 2, 3, 13.
corrupt from Ad

ge and death of the unconverted a 91.
ce not to be given a 126.
s and operations of the Holy Spirit b 133. and
Christ a 146, 150. b 132.
etree, the wild and good a 114.
inances. See *Worship, Lord's Supper.*
ginal sin a 57. See *Adam, Nature.*

P

AINS, comfort under them b 50.
aradise on earth b 30, 59.
ardon, a sufficiency of it b 85. and confession a 131.
and strength from Christ c 24. bought at a dear price
c 4. and sanctification by faith a 9. b 90. brought to
our senses c 11.
Parents and children a 113, 114. convey not grace a 99.
Passover, Christ is ours b 155.
Passion. See *Christ, Sufferance, Anger, Love.*
Patience under afflictions a 5, 129. b 109. of God pro-
ducing repentance b 74, 105.
Peace of conscience b 57. and contention a 130. See
*Comfort, Joy.*
Perfections of God b 166,—169. persevering grace
a 26, 32, 48, 51, 138.
Person of Christ glorious and gracious a 75. b 47.
Persecution, courage under it a 14.
Pharisee and Publican a 131.
Pilgrimage of the saints b 53.
Pleasure of a good conscience b 57. of religion b 32.

Preſumption and deſpair a 115. b 156, 157.
Preſence of God in worſhip b 45. light in d
b 54. in death a 19. b 31, 49. c 14. in life an
b 117. or abſence of Chriſt b 50. of Chriſt
ſhip a 66. b 15, 16. c 15. of God our life b
100.
Preſervation of this world b 13. of our grace
our lives b 6, 7, 8, 19.
Pride and humility a 11, 12, 127.
Prieſthood Levitical ending in Chriſt b
b 118.
Prodigal repenting a 123.

Profit and unprofitableneſs a 118. b 165.
Promiſed Meſſiah born a 60, 107, 134.
Promiſes of the covenant a 9, 39, 107. See *Scripture*. And truth of God unchangeable a 139. our ſecurity b 40, 60, 69.
Prophecies and types of Chriſt b 135. and inſpiration b 150.
Proſperity and adverſity a 5. vain b 56, 101.
Protection from ſpiritual enemies b 82. of the church a 8, 22, 23. See *Church*.
Providence b 46. executed by Chriſt a 1. over afflictions and death a 83. its darkneſs b 109. proſperous and afflictive a 5.
Proviſion. See *Goſpel*, *Lord's Table*.
Publick ordinances. See *Worſhip*.
Publican and Phariſee a 131.
Puniſhment for ſin. See *Hell* a 100, 117.

R

Race, Chriſtian a 48. b 53.
Reaſon feeble b 87. carnal humbled a 11, 12.
Recovery from ſickneſs a 55.
Reconciliation to God in Chriſt b 148.
Redemption in Chriſt a 97, 98. b 78. and protection b 82. by price c 4. and by power b 29. See *Chriſt*.
Regeneration a 95. b 130. See *Election*, *Adoption*, *Sanctification*.
Religion neglected b 32. vain without love a 134.

ſong a 19. c 14.
Sion b 152.
and hypocriſy a 136.
miſe of Chriſt's death b 81. and miſe
from heaven a 105. b 86. original a 57
nd ſubdued a 9, 104. b 90. indwelling
er a *ibid.* b 86. the ruin of angels and
aſtom in it b 160. folly, madneſs, an
r of it b 153. conviction of it by the law
the law and goſpel a 118. crucified
ılneſs of it b 150.
nd repenting b 20.
aſures forſaken b 10, 11.

Spirit breathed after a 74. b 34. water and blood c 9. his offices b 133. witneſſing and ſealing a 144. its fruits a 102.
Spiritual enemies, deliverance a 47. b 65, 82. warfare b 77. pilgrimage b 53. apparel a 7, 20. race a 48. ſloth and dulneſs b 25, 34. joy b 73, 75. meat, drink, and clothing a 2. food. See *Feaſt*.
State of nature and grace a
Storm. See *Thunder*.
Strength from heaven a 15 teouſneſs and pardon in Chriſt a 84, 8
Submiſſion and deliveranc lictions a 5. b 109.
Succeſs of the goſpel a 11, 14.
Sufferings for Chriſt a 102
Supper of the Lord inſtituted c 1. baptiſm and preaching b 141.
Support under trials b 50, 65.
Sympathy of Chriſt a 125.

T

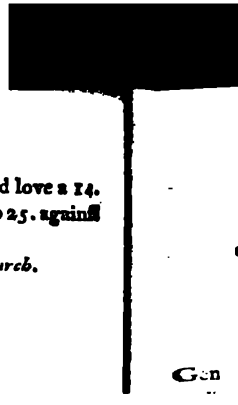
TABLE of the Lord. See *Lord*.
Temptations, hope under them a 139. of the world b 101. of the devil b 65, 156, 157. and deſertion complained of b 163.
Tempted, Chriſt's compaſſion to them a 125.
Terrours of death to the unconverted a 91.
Teſtament, New, in the blood of Chriſt c 3.
Thankſgiving for victory b 111. for mercies b 116. national b 1

69.
Types b 12. and prophecies of Chriſt b 135.

V

VAIN proſperity b 56, 101.
Value of Chriſt and his righteouſneſs b 109.
Vanity and mortality of man a 82. of youth a 8
of the creatures b 146.
Victory, a thankſgiving for it b 3. over death
ſin and ſorrow a 14. of Chriſt over Satan
b 89. See *Enemies*.
Virtues Chriſtian b 161. See *Holineſs*, *Love*,
*Spiritual*.
Unbelief and faith a 100. b 125. puniſhed a 11
Uncharitableneſs and charity a 126.
Unconverted ſtate b 159. death terrible to the
Unfruitfulneſs b 165.
Unſanctified affections b 165.
Unſeen things, faith in them a 118.

Weakneſs our own and Chriſt our ſtren
Wiſdom and power of God in Chriſt ci
carnal humbled a 11, 12.
Witneſſing and ſealing Spirit a 144.
Word of God a 53. preached a 10, 119.
*Scripture.*
World, crucifixion to it by the croſs c 7. tl
tions of it b 107. its end b 164. mortific
by the ſight of God b 41. its creation b 14
vation b 13.
Worſhip of heaven humble b 68. profitabl
condeſcended to by God b 55. Chriſt pre
a 66. b 15, 16. c 15. accepted through Ch
37. formality in it a 136. delightful b 14
17.
rath and mercy of God a 42. b 80. c



b 129. and love a 14.
vant of it b 25. against

4. See *Church*.

Gen

# TABLE

## OF SCRIPTURES TURNED INTO VERSES.

### *In the Firſt Book.*


| | Hymn |
|---|---|
| Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17 | 107 |
| xvii. 7 | 113 |
| xvii. 7, 10 | 121 |
| xxii. 6 | 129 |
| Job i. 21 | 5 |
| iii. 14, 15 | 24 |
| iv. 17, 21 | 82 |
| v. 6, 7, 8 | 83 |
| ix. 2, 10 | 86 |
| xiv. 4 | 57 |
| xix. 25, 26, 27 | 6 |
| Pſal. iii. 5, 6 | 80 |
| iv. 8 | 80 |
| xix. 5, 8 | 79 |
| xlix. 6, 9 | 24 |
| li. 5 | 57 |
| lxxiii. 24, 25 | 79 |
| cxxxix. 23, 24 | 136 |
| cxliii. 8 | 80 |
| cxlvii. 19, 20 | 53 |
| Prov. viii. 12, 2, 32 | 92 |
| viii. 34, 36 | 93 |
| Eccl. viii. 8 | 24 |
| ix. 4, 5, 6, 10 | 88 |
| Eccl. xi. 9 | 89 |
| *The ſame* | 90 |
| xii. 1, 7 | 91 |
| Cant. i. 2, 12, 17 | 66 |
| i. 7 | 67 |
| ii. 1, 2, 3, &c. | 68 |
| ii. 8, 9, &c. | 69 |
| ii. 14, 16, 17 | 70 |
| iii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 | 71 |
| iii. 2 | 72 |
| iv. 1, 10, 7 | 73 |
| iv. 12, 14, 15 | 74 |
| v. 1 | 74 |
| v. 9 | 75 |
| vi. 1, 2, 3, 12 | 76 |
| vii. 5, 9, 12 | 77 |
| viii. 5, 8, 13 | 78 |
| Iſa. ix. 2, 6, 7 | 13 |
| xxvi. 1, 2, &c. | 8 |
| xxvi. 8, 20 | 30 |
| xxxviii. 9, &c. | 55 |
| xl. 27, 28, &c. | 32 |
| *The ſame* | 48 |
| xlv. 7 | 81 |

Simeon's ſong a 19. c 14.
Sinai and Sion b 152.
Sincerity and hypocriſy a 136.
Sin the cauſe of Chriſt's death b 81. and miſery baniſhed from heaven a 105. b 86: original a 57. pardoned and ſubdued a 9, 104. b 90. indwelling a 115. its power a *ibid.* b 86. the ruin of angels and men b 24. cuſtom in it b 160. folly, madneſs, and diſtemper of it b 153. conviction of it by the law a 115. againſt the law and goſpel a 118. crucified a 106. deceitfulneſs of it b 150.
Sinning and repenting b 20.

Spirit breathed after a 74. b 34. water and blood c 9. his offices b 133. witneſſing and ſealing a 144. its fruits a 102.
Spiritual enemies, deliverance a 47. b 65, 82. warfare b 77. pilgrimage b 53. apparel a 7, 20. race a 48. ſloth and dulneſs b 25, 34. joy b 73, 75. meat, drink, and clothing, a 7. food. See *Feaſt.*
State of nature and grace a 104.
Storm. See *Thunder.*
Strength from heaven a 15, 32, 48. righteouſneſs and pardon in Chriſt a 84, 85. c 24.
Submiſſion and deliverance a 129. to afflictions a 5. b 109.
Succeſs of the goſpel a 11, 12, 119. b 144.
Sufferings for Chriſt a 102. See *Chriſt.*
Supper of the Lord inſtituted c 1. baptiſm and preaching b 141.
Support under trials b 50, 65.
Sympathy of Chriſt a 125.

T

TABLE of the Lord. See *Lord.*
Temptations, hope under them a 139. of the world b 101. of the devil b 65, 156, 157. and deſertion complained of b 163.
Tempted, Chriſt's compaſſion to them a 125.
Terrours of death to the unconverted a 91.
Teſtament, New, in the blood of Chriſt c 3.
Thankſgiving for victory b 111. for mercies b 116. national b 1.

Throne of grace. See *Grace.*
Thunderer, God b 62.
Time redeemed a 88. ours and eternity God's b 67.
Tree of life c 8. and river of love c 20.
Trinity praiſed c 26,—41.
Trials on earth and hope of heaven b 65.
Triumph over death a 6. b 110. of faith in Chriſt a 14. at a feaſt c 21. of Chriſt over our enemies a 28.
Truſt. See *Faith.*
Truth and promiſes of God unchangeable a 139. b 60, 69.
Types b 12. and prophecies of Chriſt b 135.

W

Wanderings affections b 20. thoughts in worſhip a 136.
Warfare Chriſtian b 77.
Water, the Spirit and the blood c 9.
Weak ſaints encouraged by Chriſt a 125. by the church a 126.
Weakneſs our own and Chriſt our ſtrength a 15.
Wiſdom and power of God in Chriſt crucified c 10. carnal humbled a 11, 12.
Witneſſing and ſealing Spirit a 144.
Word of God a 53. preached a 10, 119. See *Goſpel, Scripture.*
World, crucifixion to it by the croſs c 7. the temptations of it b 107. its end b 164. mortification to it by the ſight of God b 41. its creation b 147. preſervation b 13.
Worſhip of heaven humble b 68. profitable b 123. condeſcended to by God b 55. Chriſt preſent at it a 66. b 15, 16. c 15. accepted through Chriſt b 36, 37. formality in it a 136. delightful b 14, 15, 16, 17.
Wrath and mercy of God a 42. b 80. See *God, Hell.*

Y

Yoke of Chriſt eaſy a 127.
Youth, its vanities a 89, 90. adviſed a 91.

Z

Zacharias's ſong and John's meſſage a 50.

Zeal in the Chriſtian race a 48. b 129. and love a 14. for the goſpel a 103. b 4. the want of it b 25. againſt ſin b 106. for God b 116.
Zion her glory and defence b 64. See *Church*.

| | Hymn |
|---|---|
| 1 Cor. i. 26, 31 | 96 |
| i. 30 | 97 |
| *The same* | 98 |
| ii. 9, 10 | 105 |
| iii. 6, 7 | 119 |
| vi. 10, 11 | 104 |
| x. 32 | 126 |
| xiii. 1, 2, 3 | 134 |
| xiii. 2, 3, 7, 13 | 133 |
| xv. 55, &c. | 17 |
| 2 Cor. ii. 16 | 119 |
| v. 1, 5, 8 | 110 |
| xii. 7, 9, 10 | 15 |
| Gal. iv. 4 | 107 |
| iv. 6 | 65 |
| Ephes. i. 3, &c. | 54 |
| i. 13, 14 | 144 |
| iii. 9, 10 | 2 |
| iii. 16, &c. | 135 |
| iv. 30, &c. | 130 |
| Phil. ii. 2 | 130 |
| iii. 7, 8, 9 | 109 |
| Col. i. 16 | 2 |
| ii. 15 | 107 |
| 2 Tim. i. 9, 10 | 137 |
| i. 12 | 103 |
| iii. 15, 16 | 53 |
| iv. 6, 7, 18 | 27 |
| Tit. ii. 10, 13 | 132 |
| iii. 3, 7 | 111 |
| Heb. i. 1 | 53 |
| iii. 3, 5, 6 | 118 |
| iv. 15, 16 | 125 |
| v. 7 | 126 |
| vi. 17, 19 | 139 |
| vii. | 145 |
| ix. | 145 |
| x. 28, 29 | 118 |
| | 120 |
| | 26 |
| | 108 |
| | 64 |
| | 51 |
| | 61 |
| | 1 |
| | 25 |
| | 62 |
| | 63 |
| vii. 13, &c. | 40 |
| *The same* | 41 |
| xi. 15 | 65 |
| xii. 7 | 58 |
| xiv. 13 | 18 |
| xv. 3 | 56 |
| xvi. 19 | 56 |
| xvii. 6 | 56 |
| xviii. 20, 21 | 59 |
| xxi. 1, 2, 3, 4 | 21 |
| xxi. 5, 6, 7, 8 | 45 |
| xxi. 27 | 105 |

LE OF SCRIPTURES, &c.

*In the Third Book.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Hymn* | | | *Hymn* |
| 14 | John xvi. 16 | | 6 |
| 12 | 1 Cor. x. 16, 17 | | 2 |
| 13 | xi. 23, &c. | | 1 |
| 6 | Gal. vi. 14 | | 7 |
| 5 | 1 John v. 6 | | 9 |
| 6 | | | |

3

, 35, 39

| | Hymn |
|---|---|
| 1 Cor. i. 26, 31 | 96 |
| i. 30 | 97 |
| *The same* | 98 |
| ii. 9, 10 | 105 |
| iii. 6, 7 | 119 |
| vi. 10, 11 | 104 |
| x. 32 | 126 |
| xiii. 1, 2, 3 | 134 |
| xiii. 2, 3, 7, 13 | 133 |
| xv. 55, &c. | 17 |
| 2 Cor. ii. 16 | 119 |
| v. 1, 5, 8 | 110 |
| xii. 7, 9, 10 | 15 |
| Gal. iv. 4 | 107 |
| iv. 6 | 65 |
| Ephes. i. 3, &c. | 54 |
| i. 13, 14 | 144 |
| iii. 9, 10 | 2 |
| iii. 16, &c. | 135 |
| iv. 30, &c. | 130 |
| Phil. ii. 2 | 130 |
| iii. 7, 8, 9 | 109 |
| Col. i. 16 | 2 |
| ii. 15 | 107 |
| 1 Tim. i. 9, 10 | 137 |
| i. 12 | 103 |
| iii. 15, 16 | 53 |
| v. 6, 7, 18 | 27 |
| 2 Tim. ii. 10, 13 | 132 |
| i. 3, 7 | 111 |

| | Hymn |
|---|---|
| Heb. i. 1 | 53 |
| iii. 3, 5, 6 | 118 |
| iv. 15, 16 | 125 |
| v. 7 | 125 |
| vi. 17, 19 | 139 |
| vii. | 145 |
| ix. | 145 |
| x. 28, 29 | 118 |
| xi. 1, 10 | 120 |
| 1 Pet. i. 3, 4, 5 | 26 |
| i. 8 | 108 |
| 1 John iii. 1, &c. | 64 |
| Jude 24, 25 | 51 |
| Rev. i. 5, 6, 7 | 61 |
| v. 6, 8, 12 | 1 |
| *The same* | 25 |
| *The same* | 62 |
| *The same* | 63 |
| vii. 13, &c. | 40 |
| *The same* | 41 |
| xi. 15 | 65 |
| xii. 7 | 58 |
| xiv. 13 | 18 |
| xv. 3 | 56 |
| xvi. 19 | 56 |
| xvii. 6 | 56 |
| xviii. 20, 21 | 59 |
| xxi. 1, 2, 3, 4 | 21 |
| xxi. 5, 6, 7, 8 | 45 |
| xxi. 27 | 105 |

Be endleſs bleſſings paid:
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

7. Thou haſt redeem'd our ſouls
Haſt ſet the priſ'ners free,
Haſt made us kings and prieſts to G
And we ſhall reign with thee.

8. The worlds of nature and of gr
Are put beneath thy pow'r,
Then ſhorten theſe delaying days
And bring the promis'd hour.

II. *The Deity and humanity of Chriſt,* Jo
*and* Col. i. 16. *and* Eph. iii. 9, &c.

ERE the blue heav'ns were ſtretch'd a
From everlaſting was the Word.

(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?)
4. But lo! he leaves thoſe heav'nly forms,
The Word deſcends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converſe with worms,
Dreſs'd in ſuch feeble fleſh as they.
5. Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When thro' his eyes the G
6. Archangels leave the
To learn new myſt'ries he
The loves of our deſcendin
The glories of Emanuel.

III. *The nativity of Chriſt,* , &c. Luke ii. 10. &c.

Behold the grace appears,
The promiſe is fulfill'd;
Mary the wondrous virgin bears,
And Jeſus is the child.
[2. The Lord the higheſt God
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

3. O'er Jacob ſhall he reign
With a peculiar ſway;
The nations ſhall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.

4. To bring the glorious news
A heav'nly form appears,
He tells the ſhepherds of their joys,
And baniſhes their fears.

5. "Go humble ſwains," ſaid he,
"To David's city fly,
"The promis'd Infant born to-day
"Doth in a manger lie.

V. *Submission to afflictive providences*, Job i. 21.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at firſt,
We to the earth return again
And mingle with our duſt.
2. The dear delights we here enjoy
And fondly call our own
Are but ſhort favours borr[illegible]
To be repaid anon.
3. 'Tis God that lifts ou[illegible] high,
Or ſinks them in the grave
He gives, and (bleſſed be [illegible])
He takes but what he gave
4. Peace, all our angry [illegible]n,
Let each rebellious ſigh
Be ſilent at his ſov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.
5. If ſmiling mercy crown our lives
Its praiſes ſhall be ſpread,
And we 'll adore the juſtice too
That ſtrikes our comforts dead.

VI. *Triumph over death*, Job xix. 25, 26, 27.

GREAT God! I own thy ſentence juſt,
And nature muſt decay,
I yield my body to the duſt
To dwell with fellow clay.

High on a royal ſeat,
And death, the laſt of all his foes,
Lie vanquiſh'd at his feet.

4. Tho' greedy worms devour my ſki
And gnaw my waſting fleſh,
When God ſhall build my bones again
He clothes them all afreſh:

5. Then ſhall I ſee thy lovely face
With ſtrong immortal eyes,
And feaſt upon thy unknown grace
With pleaſure and ſurpriſe.

VII. *The invitation of the goſpel*, or, *Spiri clothing*, Iſa. lv. 1, 2, &c.

LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice,

3. Eternal wiſdom has prepar'd
A ſoul-reviving feaſt,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich proviſion taſte.

4. Ho! ye that pant for living ſtreams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirſt
With ſprings that never dry.

5. Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join,
Salvation in abundance flows
Like floods of milk and wine.

[6. Ye periſhing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain
To weave a garment of your own
That will not hide your ſin,

7. Come naked, and adorn your ſouls
In robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dy'd in his own blood.]

8. Dear God! the treaſures of thy love
Are everlaſting mines,
Deep as our helpleſs miſ'ries are,
And boundleſs as our ſins!

9. The happy gates of goſpel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord! we are come to ſeek ſupplies,
And drive our wants away.

2. Bulwarks of mighty grace defen
The city where we dwell;
The walls of ſtrong ſalvation made
Defy th' aſſaults of hell.

3. Lift up the everlaſting gates,
The doors wide open fling,
Enter ye nations that obey
The ſtatutes of our King.

4. Here ſhall you taſte unmingled j
And live in perfect peace
You that have known Jehovah's name
And ventur'd on his grace.

5. Truſt in the Lord, for ever truſt,
And baniſh all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells
Eternal as his years.

6. What tho' the rebels dwell on h'

IX. *The promiſes of the covenant of grace,* Iſa. lv. 1, 2. Zech. xiii. 1. Micah vii. 19. Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c.

In vain we laviſh out our lives
To gather empty wind;
The choiceſt bleſſings earth can yield
Will ſtarve a hungry mind.

2. Come, and the Lord ſhall feed our ſouls
With more ſubſtantial meat,
With ſuch as ſaints in glory love,
With ſuch as angels eat.

3. Our God will ev'ry want ſupply
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by cov'nant and by oath
The riches of his grace.

4. Come, and he 'll cleanſe our ſpotted ſouls
And waſh away our ſtains
In the dear fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.

[5. Our guilt ſhall vaniſh all away
Tho' black as hell before,
Our ſins ſhall ſink beneath the ſea
And ſhall be found no more.

6. And left pollution ſhould o'erſpread
Our inward pow'rs again,
His Spirit ſhall bedew our ſouls
Like purifying rain.]

7. Our heart, that ſtiny ſtubborn thing,
That terrours cannot move,
That fears no threat'nings of his wrath,
Shall be diſſolv'd by love:
8. Or he can take the ſtint away
That would not be refin'd,
And from the treaſures of his grace
Beſtow a ſofter mind.
9. There ſhall his ſacred Spirit dwell
And deep engrave his law,
And ev'ry motion of our ſouls
To ſwift obedience draw.
10. Thus will he pour ſalvation down,
And we ſhall render praiſe;
We the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

X. *The bleſſedneſs of goſpel-times*, or, *The revelation of Chriſt to Jews and Gentiles*, Iſa. lii. 7, 8, 9, 10. Matth. xiii. 16, 17.

How beauteous are their feet
Who ſtand on Sion's hill,
Who bring ſalvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
2. How charming is their voice!

3. How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful ſound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And ſought but never found!
4. How bleſſed are our eyes
That ſee this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings deſir'd it long,
But dy'd without the ſight.
5. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ,
Jeruſalem breaks forth in ſongs,
And deſerts learn the joy.
6. The Lord makes bare his arm
Thro' all the earth abroad,
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

XI. *The humble enlightened, and carnal reaſon humbled*, or, *The ſovereignty of grace*, Luke x. 21, 22.

THERE was an hour when Chriſt rejoic'd,
And ſpoke his joy in words of praiſe;
"Father! I thank thee, mighty God!
"Lord of the earth, and heav'ns, and ſeas.
2. "I thank thy ſov'reign pow'r and love
"That crowns my doctrine with ſucceſs,
"And makes the babes in knowledge learn
"The heights, and breadths, and lengths, of grace.

3. " But all this glory lies conceal'd
From men of prudence and of wit;
The prince of Darkneſs blinds their eyes,
And their own pride reſiſts the light.
4. " Father! 't is thus becauſe thy will
Choſe and ordain'd it ſhould be ſo,
' Tis thy delight t' abaſe the proud
And lay the haughty ſcorner low.
5. " There 's none can know the Father right
But thoſe who learn it from the Son,
Nor can the Son be well receiv'd
But where the Father makes him known."
6. Then let our ſouls adore our God
That deals his graces as he pleaſe,
Nor gives to mortals an account
Or of his actions or decrees.

XII. *Free grace in revealing Chriſt*, Luke x. 21.

ESUS, the man of conſtant grief,
A mourner all his days,
His Spirit once rejoic'd aloud
And turn'd his joy to praiſe.
2. " Father! I thank thy wondrous love

3. " The myſt'ries of redeeming grace
" Are hidden from the wiſe,
" While pride and carnal reas'nings join
" To ſwell and blind their eyes."

4. Thus doth the Lord of heav'n and earth
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace
By his own ſov'reign will.

XIII. *The Son of God incarnate*, or, *The titles and the kingdom of Chriſt*, Iſa. ix. 2, 6, 7.

THE lands that long in darkneſs lay
Now have beheld a heav'nly light,
Nations that ſat in death's cold ſhade
Are bleſs'd with beams divinely bright.

2. The virgin's promis'd Son is born,
Behold th' expected Child appear:
What ſhall his names or titles be?
" The Wonderful, The Counſellor."

[3. This infant is the mighty God!
Come to be ſuckled and ador'd,
Th' Eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The ſon of David, and his Lord.]

4. The government of earth and ſeas
Upon his ſhoulders ſhall be laid,
His wide dominions ſhall increaſe,
And honours to his name be paid.

5. Jeſus the holy Child ſhall ſit
High on his father David's throne,
Shall cruſh his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

XIV. *The triumph of faith*, or, *Chriſt's unchange*
Rom. viii. 33, *&c.*

Who ſhall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that juſtifies their ſouls,
And mercy like a mighty ſtream
O'er all their ſins divinely rolls.

2. Who ſhall adjudge the ſaints to hell?
'Tis Chriſt that ſuffer'd in their ſtead;
And the ſalvation to fulfil
Behold him riſing from the dead!

3. He lives! he lives! and ſits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who ſhall divide us from his love,
Or what ſhould tempt us to deſpair?

4. Shall perſecution or diſtreſs,

[redacted]

6. Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high nor pow'rs below,
Shall cauſe his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Chriſt our love.

XV. *Our own weakneſs, and Chriſt our ſtrength*, 2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

Let me but hear my Saviour ſay
Strength ſhall be equal to the day,
Then I rejoice in deep diſtreſs,
Leaning on allſufficient grace.

2. I glory in infirmity
That Chriſt's own pow'r may reſt on me:
When I am weak then am I ſtrong;
Grace is my ſhield and Chriſt my ſong.

3. I can do all things, or can bear
All ſuff'rings if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleaſures mingle with the pains
While his left hand my head ſuſtains.

4. But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations ſpring and riſe
We find how great our weakneſs is.

5. So Sampſon when his hair was loſt
Met the Philiſtines to his coſt,
Shook his vain limbs with ſad ſurpriſe,
Made feeble fight and loſt his eyes.

His natures two, his perſon one,
Myſterious and divine.

2. The root of David here we find
And offspring is the ſame;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Emanuel's name.

3. Bleſs'd he that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heav'n!
Hoſannas of the higheſt ſtrain
To Chriſt the Lord be giv'n!

4. Let mortals ne'er refuſe to take
Th' hoſanna on their tongues,
Leſt rocks and ſtones ſhould riſe and break
Their ſilence into ſongs.

XVII. *Victory over death*, 1 Cor. xv. ꝛꝛ. t

2. Joyful with all the ſtrength I have
My quiv'ring lips ſhould ſing,
"Where is thy boaſted vict'ry grave?
"And where the monſter's ſting?" 8

3. If ſin be pardon'd I 'm ſecure,
Death hath no ſting beſide;
The law gives ſin its damning pow'r,
But Chriſt my ranſom dy'd. 12

4. Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conq'rors while we die
Thro' Chriſt our living head. 16

XVIII. *Bleſſed are the dead that die in the Lord*, Rev. xiv. 13.

HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead,
Sweet is the ſavour of their names,
And ſoft their ſleeping bed. 4

2. They die in Jeſus and are bleſs'd;
How kind their ſlumbers are!
From ſuff'rings and from ſins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry ſnare. 8

3. Far from this world of toil and ſtrife
They 're preſent with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward. 12

XIX. *The ſong of Simeon*, or, *Death made deſira*
Luke i. 27, *&c.*

LORD! at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here,
O make our joys the ſame!

2. With what divine and vaſt delight
The good old man was fill'd
When fondly in his wither'd arms
He claſp'd the holy Child!

3. "Now I can leave this world," he cry'd,
"Behold thy ſervant dies,
"I 've ſeen thy great ſalvation Lord!
"And cloſe my peaceful eyes.

4. "This is the light prepar'd to ſhine
"Upon the Gentile lands,
"Thine Iſrael's glory and their hope
"To break their ſlaviſh bands."

[redacted]

XX. *Spiritual apparel*, namely, *The robe of righteouſneſs and garments of ſalvation*, Iſa. lxi. 10.

AWAKE my heart, ariſe my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God the life of all my joys
Aloud will I rejoice.

2. 'Tis he adorn'd my naked ſoul,
And made ſalvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces ſhine.

3. And leſt the ſhadow of a ſpot
Should on my ſoul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought
And caſt it all around.

4. How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
Theſe ornaments how bright they ſhine!
How white the garments are!

5. The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and ev'ry grace,
But Jeſus ſpent his life to work
The robe of righteouſneſs.

6. Strangely my ſoul art thou array'd
By the Great Sacred Three!
In ſweeteſt harmony of praiſe
Let all thy pow'rs agree.

XIX. *The ſong of Simeon*, or, *Death made deſirable*, Luke ii. 27, &c.

LORD! at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here,
O make our joys the ſame!
2. With what divine and vaſt delight
The good old man was fill'd
When fondly in his wither'd arms
He claſp'd the holy Child!
3. "Now I can leave this world," he cry'd,
"Behold thy ſervant dies,
"I have ſeen thy great ſalvation Lord!
"And cloſe my peaceful eyes.
4. "This is the light prepar'd to ſhine
"Upon the Gentile lands,
"Thine Iſrael's glory and their hope
"To break their flaviſh bands."
[5. Jeſus! the viſion of thy face

XX. *Spiritual [illegible]*
*[illegible]*

AWAKE [illegible]
Prepare [illegible]
In God [illegible]
Aloud [illegible]
2. [illegible]
And [illegible]
Upon [illegible]
He [illegible]
3. [illegible]
Should [illegible]
He [illegible]
An [illegible]
[illegible]
W [illegible]
T [illegible]
H [illegible]

A [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[2. Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Sev'n are his eyes and ſev'n his horns,
To ſpeak his wiſdom and his pow'r.
3. Lo! he receives a ſealed book
From him that ſits upon the throne:
Jeſus my Lord prevails to look
On dark decrees and things unknown.]
4. All the aſſembling ſaints around
Fall worſhipping before the Lamb,
And in new ſongs of goſpel ſound
Addreſs their honours to his name.
[5. The joy, the ſhout, the harmony,
Flies o'er the everlaſting hills;

9. Worthy for ever is the Lord
That dy'd for treaſons not his own,
By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's throne! 36

XXVI. *Hope of heaven by the reſurrection of Chriſt,* 1 Pet. i. 3—5.

BLESS'D be the everlaſting God,
The Father of our Lord,
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majeſty ador'd. 4

2. When from the dead he rais'd his Son
And call'd him to the ſky
He gave our ſouls a lively hope
That they ſhould never die. 8

3. What tho' our inbred ſins require
Our fleſh to ſee the duſt?
Yet as the Lord our Saviour roſe
So all his followers muſt. 12

4. There 's an inheritance divine
Reſerv'd againſt that day,
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waſte away. 16

5. Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
Till the ſalvation come;
We walk by faith as ſtrangers here
Till Chriſt ſhall call us home. 20

And bear my ſpirit home,
Why do my minutes move ſo ſlow,
Nor my ſalvation come?

2. With heav'nly weapons I have fougl
The battles of the Lord,
Finiſh'd my courſe, and kept the faith,
And wait the ſure reward.]

3. God has laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

4. Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone,
But all that love and long to ſee
Th' appearance of his Son.

5. Jeſus the Lord ſhall guard me ſafe
From ev'ry ill deſign,

XXVIII. *The triumph of Chriſt over the enemies of his church*, Iſa. lxiii. 1—3, *&c.*

WHAT mighty man or mighty God
Comes travelling in ſtate
Along the Idumean road
Away from Bozrah's gate?
2. The glory of his robes proclaim
'Tis ſome victorious king:
"'Tis I the Juſt th' Almighty One
"That your ſalvation bring."
3. Why mighty Lord! thy ſaints inquire
Why thine apparel 's red,
And all thy veſture ſtain'd like thoſe
Who in the winepreſs tread?
4. "I by myſelf have trod the preſs
"And cruſh'd my foes alone,
"My wrath has ſtruck the rebels dead,
"My fury ſtamp'd them down.
5. "'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes
"With joyful ſcarlet ſtains,
"The triumph that my raiment wears
"Sprung from their bleeding veins.
6. "Thus ſhall the nations be deſtroy'd
"That dare inſult my ſaints,
"I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
"An ear for their complaints."

XXIX. *The ſecond part*, or, *The ruin of Antichriſt*; Iſa. 4—7.

' I Lift my banner," ſaith the Lord,
' Where Antichriſt has ſtood;
' The city of my goſpel foes
' Shall be a field of blood.
2. " My heart has ſtudy'd juſt revenge,
' And now the day appears,
' The day of my redeem'd is come
' To wipe away their tears.
3. " Quite weary is my patience grown
' And bids my fury go;
' Swift as the lightning it ſhall move,
" And be as fatal too.
4. " I call for helpers but in vain;
" Then has my goſpel none?
" Well, mine own arm has might enough
" To cruſh my foes alone.

XXX. *Prayer for deliverance answered*, Isa. xxvi. 8—20.

In thine own ways O God of love!
We wait the visits of thy grace;
Our souls' desire is to thy name
And the remembrance of thy face.

2. My thoughts are searching Lord! for thee
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night,
My earnest cries salute the skies
Before the dawn restore the light.

3. Look how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God,
But they shall see thy lifted hand
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

4. Hark! The Eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of musick to his friends,
But threat'ning thunder to his foes.

5. Come children to your Father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
Till the fierce storm be overblown
And my revenging fury cease.

6. My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings,
While heav'nly peace around my flock
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

XXXI. *referred to the first Psalm.*

## XXXII. *Strength from Heaven*, Isa. xl. 27—30.

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise,
And where 's our courage fled?
Has restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

2. Have we forgot th' Almighty name
That form'd the earth and sea,
And can an allcreating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3. Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell,
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4. Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease,
But we that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.

5. The saints shall mount on eagles' wings
And taste the promis'd bliss,
Till their unweary'd feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

XXXIX. *God's tender care of his church*, Isa. xlix. 13, 14, &c.

Now shall my inward joys arise
And burst into a song,
Almighty love inspires my heart
And pleasure tunes my tongue.
2. God on his thirsty Sion hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To show'r salvation down.
3. Why do we then indulge our fears
Suspicions and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?
4. Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts
Her suckling have no room?
5. "Yet," saith the Lord, "should nature change,
"And mothers monsters prove,
"Sion still dwells upon the heart
"Of everlasting love.
6. "Deep on the palms of both my hands
"I have engrav'd her name,
"My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls
"And build her broken frame."

XL. *The buſineſs and bleſſedneſs of glorified ſaints*, Rev. vii. 13—15, &c.

' WHAT happy men or angels theſe
' That all their robes are ſpotleſs white?
' Whence did this glorious troop arrive
' At the pure realms of heav'nly light?" 4

2. From tort'ring racks and burning fires,
And ſeas of their own blood, they came,
But nobler blood has waſh'd their robes,
Flowing from Chriſt, the dying Lamb! 8

3. Now they approach th'Almighty throne
With loud hoſannas night and day;
Sweet anthems to the great Three-One
Meaſure their bleſs'd eternity. 12

4. No more ſhall hunger pain their ſouls,
He bids their parching thirſt be gone,
And ſpreads the ſhadow of his wings
To ſcreen them from the ſcorching ſun. 16

5. The Lamb that fills the middle throne
Shall ſhed around his milder beams;
There ſhall they feaſt on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living ſtreams. 20

6. They ſhall their mighty hallelujahs

XLI. *The ſame, or, The martyrs glorified,* Rev. vii. 13, &c.

"THESE glorious minds how bright they ſhine!
"Whence all their white array?
"How came they to the happy ſeats
"Of everlaſting day?"

2. From tort'ring pains to endleſs joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And ſtrangely waſh'd their raiment white
In Jeſus' dying blood.

3. Now they approach a ſpotleſs God
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and ſacred ſongs
Adore The Holy One.

4. The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongſt his ſaints reſide,
While the rich treaſure of his grace
Sees all their wants ſupply'd.

5. Tormenting thirſt ſhall leave their ſouls,
And hunger fly as faſt;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their ſweet repaſt.

6. The Lamb ſhall lead his heav'nly flock
Where living fountains riſe,
And love divine ſhall wipe away
The ſorrows of their eyes.

XLII. *Divine wrath and mercy, from* Nah. i. 1—3

ADORE and tremble, for our God
Is a conſuming fire *,
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame
And raiſe his vengeance higher.

2. Almighty vengeance how it burns!
How bright his fury glows!
Vaſt magazines of plagues and ſtorms
Lie treaſur'd for his foes.

3. Thoſe heaps of wrath by ſlow degrees
Are forc'd into a flame,
But kindled, oh! how fierce they blaze!
And rend all nature's frame.

4. At his approach the mountains fly
And ſeek a wat'ry grave,
The frighted ſea makes haſte away
And ſhrinks up ev'ry wave.

5. Thro' the wide air the weighty rocks

7. Thy hand ſhall on rebellious kings
A fiery tempeſt pour,
While we beneath thy ſhelt'ring wings
Thy juſt revenge adore.

**XLIII.** *referred to the* 100*th Pſalm.*

**XLIV.** *referred to the* 133*d Pſalm.*

**XLV.** *The laſt judgment,* **Rev. xxi. 5—8.**

**See where the great incarnate God**
**Fills a majeſtick throne,**
**While from the ſkies his awful voice**
**Bears the laſt judgment down.**

[2. " I am the firſt and I the laſt,
" Thro' endleſs years the ſame;
" I AM is my memorial ſtill,
" And my eternal name.

3. " Such favours as a God can give
" My royal grace beſtows;
" Ye thirſty ſouls come taſte the ſtreams
" Where life and pleaſure flows.]

[4. " The ſaint that triumphs o'er his ſins
" I 'll own him for a ſon;
" The whole creation ſhall reward
" The conqueſts he has won.

5. " But bloody hands and hearts unclean,
" And all the lying race,
" The faithleſs and the ſcoffing crew,
" That ſpurn at offer'd grace;

6. "They ſhall be taken from my ſight,
"Bound faſt in iron chains,
"And headlong plung'd into the lake
"Where fire and darkneſs reigns."]
7. O may I ſtand before the Lamb
When earth and ſeas are fled!
And hear the Judge pronounce my name
With bleſſings on my head.
8. May I with thoſe for ever dwell
Who here were my delight,
While ſinners baniſh'd down to hell
No more offend my ſight.

XLVI. *and* XLVII. *referred to Pſal.* 148*th and* 3*d.*

XLVIII. *The Chriſtian race,* Iſa. xl. 28—31.

AWAKE our ſouls, (away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
2. I run! 't is a ſtrait and thorny road

4. From thee, the overflowing ſpring,
Our ſouls ſhall drink a freſh ſupply,
While ſuch as truſt their native ſtrength
Shall melt away, and drop and die.

5. Swift as an eagle cuts the air
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode,
On wings of love our ſouls ſhall fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heav'nly road.

## XLIX. *The works of Moſes and the Lamb*, Rev. xv. 3.

How ſtrong thine arm is mighty God!
Who would not fear thy name?
Jeſus, how ſweet thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb?

2. He has done more than Moſes did,
Our prophet and our king;
From bonds of hell he freed our ſouls
And taught our lips to ſing.

3. In the Red Sea by Moſes' hand
Th' Egyptian hoſt was drown'd,
But his own blood hides all our ſins,
And guilt no more is found.

4. When thro' the deſert Iſrael went
With manna they were fed,
Our Lord invites us to his fleſh,
And calls it living bread.

5. Moſes beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place,
But Chriſt ſhall bring his followers home
To ſee his Father's face.

6. Then ſhall our love and joy be full
And feel a warmer flame,
And ſweeter voices tune the ſong
Of Moſes and the Lamb.

L. *The ſong of Zacharias, and the meſſage of John The Baptiſt*, or, *Light and ſalvation by Jeſus Chriſt*, Luke i. 68, &c. John i. 29, 32.

Now be the God of Iſrael bleſs'd
Who makes his truth appear,
His mighty hand fulfils his word
And all the oaths he ſware.

2. Now he bedews old David's root
With bleſſings from the ſkies,
He makes the branch of promiſe grow,
The promis'd Horn ariſe.

3. John was the prophet of the Lord

5. "Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,
"That takes our guilt away:
"I saw the Spirit o'er his head
"In his baptizing day.]

6. "Be ev'ry vale exalted high,
"Sink ev'ry mountain low,
"The proud must stoop, and humble souls
"Shall his salvation know.

7. "The Heathen realms with Israel's land
"Shall join in sweet accord,
"And all that 's born of man shall see
"The glory of the Lord.

8. "Behold the Morning-star arise
"Ye that in darkness sit,
"He marks the path that leads to peace,
"And guides our doubtful feet."

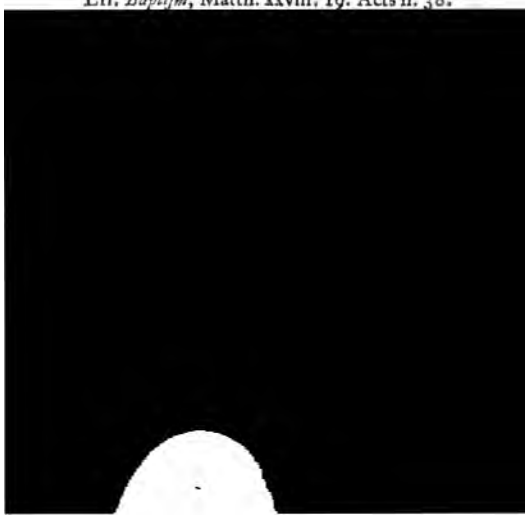
LI. *Persevering grace*, Jude 24, 25.

To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2. 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3. He will preſent our ſouls
Unblemiſh'd and complete
Before the glory of his face
With joys divinely great.
4. Then all the choſen ſeed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bleſs the conduct of his grace
And make his wonders known.
5. To our Redeemer God
Wiſdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majeſty
And everlaſting ſongs.

LII. *Baptiſm*, Matth. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.



4. Our ſouls he waſhes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean,
And the good Spirit from our God
Deſcends like purifying rain.
5. Thus we engage ourſelves to thee,
And ſeal our cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the Great Eternal Three
In heav'n our ſolemn vows record!

LIII. *The Holy Scriptures*, Heb. i. 1. 2 Tim. iii. 15, 16. Pſal. cxlvii. 19, 20.

GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to ſaints of old,
Sent his own Son with truth and grace
To teach us in theſe latter days.
2. Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life that ſure record:
The bright inheritance of heav'n
Is by the ſweet conveyance giv'n.
3. God's kindeſt thoughts are here expreſs'd,
Able to make us wiſe and bleſs'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.
4. Ye Britiſh Iſles who read his love
In long epiſtles from above
(He hath not ſent his ſacred word
To ev'ry land) praiſe ye the Lord.

LIV. *Electing grace, or, Saints beloved in Christ*, Eph. i. 3, &c.

Jesus! we bless thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the same:
What heav'nly blessings from his throne
Flow down to sinners thro' his Son! 4

2. Christ be my first elect he said,
Then chose our souls in Christ our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth
Or laid foundations for the earth. 8

3. Thus did Eternal Love begin
Swaise us up from death and sin;
[illegible] were then decreed,
[illegible] in love, a holy seed. 12

4. [illegible] to be sons,
[illegible] but chose at once,
[illegible] regenerated race
[illegible] the glory of his grace. 16

5. [illegible] Christ our Lord we share our part
[illegible] his heart,
[illegible] be thence remov'd

2. The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain
If he that holds the keys of death
Commands them faſt again. 8

3. Pains of the fleſh are wont t' abuſe
Our minds with flaviſh fears;
" Our days are paſt, and we ſhall loſe
" The remnant of our years." 12

4. We chatter with a ſwallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterneſs inſtead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn. 16

5. Jehovah ſpeaks the healing word
And no diſeaſe withſtands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands. 20

6. If half the ſtrings of life ſhould break
He can our frame reſtore;
He caſts our ſins behind his back,
And they are found no more. 24

LVI. *The ſong of Moſes and the Lamb*, or, *Babylon falling*, Rev. xv. 3. *and* xvi. 19. *and* xvii. 6.

We ſing the glories of thy love,
We ſound thy dreadful name;
The Chriſtian church unites the ſongs
Of Moſes and the Lamb. 4

2. Great God! how wondrous are thy works
Of vengeance and of grace!
Thou King of ſaints, Almighty Lord,
How juſt and true thy ways!

3. Who dares refuſe to fear thy name
Or worſhip at thy throne!
Thy judgments ſpeak thine holineſs
Thro' all the nations known.

4. Great Babylon, that rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs' blood,
Her crimes ſhall ſpeedily awake
The fury of our God.

5. The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
And ſhe muſt drink the dregs;
Strong is the Lord her ſov'reign Judge,
And ſhall fulfil the plagues.

LVII. *Original ſin*, or, *The firſt and ſecond Adam*, Rom. v. 12, &c. Pſal. li. 5. Job xiv. 4.

BACKWARD with humble ſhame we look

[3. Conceiv'd in ſin (O wretched ſtate!)
Before we draw our breath
The firſt young pulſe begins to beat
Iniquity and death.
4. How ſtrong in our degen'rate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And mingling with the crooked flood
Wanders thro' all our veins!]
[5. Wild and unwholeſome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From ſuch a deadly tree?
6. What mortal pow'r from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital ſtream
From an infected ſpring?]
7. Yet, mighty God! thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Chriſt and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and ſin.
8. The ſecond Adam ſhall reſtore
The ruins of the firſt;
Hoſanna to that ſov'reign Pow'r
That new creates our duſt!

LVIII. *The devil vanquiſhed*, or, *Michael's war the Dragon*, Rev. xii. 7.

LET mortal tongues attempt to ſing
The wars of heav'n, when Michael ſtood
Chief gen'ral of th' Eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.

2. Againſt the Dragon and his hoſt
The armies of the Lord prevail;
In vain they rage, in vain they boaſt,
Their courage ſinks, their weapons fail.

3. Down to the earth was Satan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell,
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And ſhook the dreadful deeps of hell.

4. Now is the hour of darkneſs paſt,
Chriſt has aſſum'd his reigning pow'r;
Behold the great accuſer caſt
Down from the ſkies to riſe no more.

LIX. *Babylon fallen*, Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

In Gabriel's hand a mighty ſtone
Lies a fair type of Babylon:
Prophets rejoice and all ye ſaints,
God ſhall avenge your long complaints. 4
2. He ſaid, and dreadful as he ſtood
He ſunk the millſtone in the flood:
Thus terribly ſhall Babel fall;
Thus and no more be found at all. 8

LX. *The Virgin Mary's ſong*, or, *The promiſed Meſſiah born*, Luke i. 46, &c.

Our ſouls ſhall magnify the Lord,
In God the Saviour we rejoice:
While we repeat the Virgin's ſong
May the ſame Spirit tune our voice. 4
[2. The Higheſt ſaw her low eſtate,
And mighty things his hand hath done;
His overſhadowing pow'r and grace
Makes her the mother of his Son. 8
3. Let ev'ry nation call her bleſt,
And endleſs years prolong her fame;
But God alone muſt be ador'd;
Holy and rev'rend is his name.] 12
4. To thoſe that fear and truſt the Lord
His mercy ſtands for ever ſure;
From age to age his promiſe lives,
And the performance is ſecure. 16

5. He ſpake to Abra'm and his ſeed,
"In thee ſhall all the earth be bleſt:"
The mem'ry of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breaſt.

6. But now no more ſhall Iſrael wait,
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn:
Lo the Deſire of nations comes;
Behold the promis'd ſeed is born!

LXI. *Chriſt our high Prieſt and King, and Chriſt to judgment*, Rev. i. 5—7.

Now to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And ſtrains of nobler praiſe above.

2. 'Twas he that cleans'd our fouleſt ſins,
And waſh'd us in his richeſt blood,
'Tis he that makes us prieſts and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3. To Jeſus our atoning Prieſt,

5. The unbelieving world shall wail
While we rejoice to see the day.
Come Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

LXII. *Christ Jesus the Lamb of God worshipped by all the creation*, Rev. v. 11,—13.

Come let us join our
With angels round th
Ten thousand thousa gues,
But all their joys are
2. Worthy the La ey cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb our
For he was slain for us.
3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine,
And blessings more than we can give
Be Lord for ever thine.
4. Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
5. The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

LXIII. *Chriſt's humiliation and exaltation*, Rev.

WHAT equal honours ſhall we bring
To thee O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels ſing
Are far inferiour to thy name?

2. Worthy is he that once was ſlain,
The Prince of peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to riſe, and live, and reign,
At his almighty Father's ſide.

3. Pow'r and dominion are his due
Who ſtood condemn'd at Pilate's bar:
Wiſdom belongs to Jeſus too
Tho' he was charg'd with madneſs here.

4. All riches are his native right,
Yet he ſuſtain'd amazing loſs;
To him aſcribe eternal might
Who left his weakneſs on the croſs.

5. Honour immortal muſt be paid
Inſtead of ſcandal and of ſcorn

## LXIV. *Adoption*, 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. vi. 6.

Behold what wondrous grace
The Father has beſtow'd
On ſinners of a mortal race
To call them ſons of God.
2. 'Tis no ſurpriſin
That we ſhould be u
The Jewiſh world k
God's everlaſting So
3. Nor doth it yet
How great we muſt
But when we ſee ou
We ſhall be like our
4. A hope ſo much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our ſouls from ſenſe and ſin
As Chriſt the Lord is pure.
5. If in my Father's love
I ſhare a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To reſt upon my heart.
6. We would no longer lie
Like ſlaves beneath the throne;
My faith ſhall Abba Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

*doms of the world become the Kingdoms of*
*The day of judgment*, Rev. xi. 15.

h angel found on high,
ard thro' all the sky;
rth, with glad accord
ingdoms to the Lord. 4
God! thy pow'r assume,
art, and art to come:
, who once was slain,
r ever reign! 8
nations fret and roar
lay the saints no more:
ngeance flies our God
g arrears of blood. 12
the rising dead appear,
e sentence hear,
martyrs of the Lord
ire reward. 16

2. On thee th' anointing Spirit came,
And ſpreads the ſavour of thy name;
That oil of gladneſs and of grace
Draws virgin ſouls to meet thy face.
3. Jeſus, allure me by thy charms,
My ſoul ſhall fly into thine arms!
Our wand'ring feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the King.
[4. Wonder and pleaſure tunes our voice
To ſpeak thy praiſes and our joys:
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine
Beyond the taſte of richeſt wine.]
5. Tho' in ourſelves deform'd we are,
And black as Kedar tents appear,
Yet when we put thy beauties on
Fair as the courts of Solomon.
[6. While at his table ſits the King
He loves to ſee us ſmile and ſing:
Our graces are our beſt perfume,
And breathe like ſpikenard round the room.]
7. As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Chriſt to me,
And while he makes my ſoul his gueſt
My boſom Lord ſhall be thy reſt.
[8. No beams of cedar or of fir
Can with thy courts on earth compare,
And here we wait until thy love
Raiſe us to nobler ſeats above.]

*hing the paſtures of Chriſt the Shepherd.*

, i. 7.

my ſoul admires above
y and earthly love,
Shepherd, let me know
hy ſweeteſt paſture grow? 4
s the ſhadow of that rock
e ſun defends thy flock?
feed among thy ſheep,
reſt among them ſleep. 8
uld thy bride appear like one
de to paths unknown?
feet would never rove,
ſeek another love. 12
tſteps of thy flock I ſee,
paſtures here they be;
eaſt thy love prepares,
hy wounds, and groans, and tears. 16
ſh fleſh he makes my food
drink his richeſt blood:
hill my ſoul will come
d lead me home.] 20

*anquet of love*, Sol. Song, ii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7.

ſe of Sharon here

2. Amongſt the thorns ſo lilies ſhine,
Amongſt wild gourds the noble vine,
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves
Amidſt a thouſand meaner loves.

3. Beneath his cooling ſhade I ſat
To ſhield me from the burning heat;
Of heav'nly fruit he ſpreads a feaſt
To feed mine eyes and pleaſe my taſte.

[4. Kindly he brought me to the place
Where ſtands the banquet of his grace;
He ſaw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of his love he ſpread.

5. With living bread and gen'rous wine
He cheers this ſinking heart of mine,
And op'ning his own heart to me
He ſhows his thoughts how kind they be.]

6. O never let my Lord depart,
Lie down and reſt upon my heart;
I charge my ſins not once to move,
Nor ſtir, nor wake, nor grieve, my Love.

LXIX. *Chriſt appearing to his church, and ſeeking her company*, Sol. Song, ii. 8,—13.

THE voice of my Beloved ſounds
Over the rocks and riſing grounds:
O'er hills of guilt and ſeas of grief
He leaps he flies to my relief.

2. Now thro' the veil of flesh I see
With eyes of love he looks at me,
Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shews the beauties of his face.

3. Gently he draws my heart along
Both with his beauties and his tongue:
"Rise," saith my Lord, "make haste away,
"No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

4. "The Jewish wintry state is gone,
"The mists are fled the spring comes on,
"The sacred turtledove we hear
"Proclaim the new the joyful year.

5. "Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root
"Blossoms and buds and gives her fruit."
Lo! we are come to taste the wine,
Our souls rejoice and bless the vine.

6. And when we hear our Jesus say
"Rise up my love, make haste away,"
Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

2. " My dove, who hideſt in the rock,
" Thine heart almoſt with ſorrow broke,
" Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
" And let thy voice delight mine ear.

3. " Thy voice to me ſounds ever ſweet,
" My graces in thy count'nance meet;
" Tho' the vain world thy face deſpiſe
" 'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes."

4. Dear Lord! our thankful heart receives
The hope thine invitation gives:
To thee our joyful lips ſhall raiſe
The voice of prayer and of praiſe.]

[5. I am my Love's and he is mine,
Our hearts, our hopes, our paſſions, join;
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought, ariſe to grieve my Lord.

6. My ſoul to paſtures fair he leads
Amongſt the lilies where he feeds;
Amongſt the ſaints (whoſe robes are white
Waſh'd in his blood) is his delight.

7. Till the day break and ſhadows flee,
Till the ſweet dawning light I ſee,
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my ſoul in darkneſs mourn.

8. Be like a hart on mountains green,
Leap o'er the hills of fear and ſin,
Nor guilt nor unbelief divide
My Love my Saviour from my ſide.]

LXXI. *Christ found in the street and brought to the chur-*
Sol. Song, iii. 1—5.

OFTEN I seek my Lord by night,
Jesus my love, my soul's delight;
With warm desire and restless thought
I seek him oft' but find him not. 4

2. Then I arise and search the street
Till I my Lord my Saviour meet;
I ask the watchmen of the night
"Where did you see my soul's delight?" 8

3. Sometimes I find him in my way
Cheer'd by a heav'nly ray;
I grasp for joy to kiss his face,
And hold him fast in mine embrace. 12

4. I bring him to my mother's home,
Nor does my Lord refuse to come
Into the secret chambers where
My soul first drew the vital air. 16

5. There gives my theme his bleeding heart

Plac'd on the head of Solomon. 4

2. Join, thou everlasting King!
Accept the tribute which we bring,
Accept the well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown. 8

3. Let ev'ry act of worship be
Like our espousals Lord to thee,
Like the dear hour when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love. 12

4. The gladness of that happy day!
Our hearts would wish it long to stay,
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink nor love grow cold. 16

5. Each following minute as it flies
Increase thy praise improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb. 20

ll beheld no ſpot in thee.
mighty wonders love performs
uts a comelineſs on worms!
Defil'd and loathſome as we are
kes us white and calls us fair,
s us with that heav'nly dreſs,
aces and his righteouſneſs.
" My ſiſter and my ſpouſe," he cries,
nd to my heart by various ties,
pow'rful love my heart detains
trong delight and pleaſing chains."
He calls me from the leopard's den,
this wild world of beaſts and men,
on where his glories are;
Lebanon is half ſo fair.

7. Nor dens of prey nor ſlow'ry plains,
Nor earthly joys nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet or force my ſtay
When Chriſt invites my ſoul away.

## LXXIV. *The church the garden of Chriſt*, Sol. Song, iv. 12, 14, 15, *and* v. 1.

We are a garden wall'd around,
Choſen and made peculiar ground,
A little ſpot enclos'd by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderneſs.

2. Like trees of myrrh and ſpice we ſtand
Planted by God the Father's hand,
And all his ſprings in Sion flow
To make the young plantation grow.

3. Awake, O heav'nly wind! and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine! deſcend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4. Make our beſt ſpices flow abroad
To entertain our Saviour God,
And faith, and love, and joy, appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

[5. Let my Beloved come and taſte
His pleaſant fruits at his own feaſt.
"I come my ſpouſe, I come," he cries,
With love and pleaſure in his eyes.

... blessings that my Father ſ
" Your taſte ſhall all my dainties
" And drink abundance of my lo
8. Jeſus, we will frequent thy l
And ſing the bounties of our Lord
But the rich food on which we liv
Demands more praiſe than tongue

LXXV. *The deſcription of Chriſt the l*
v. 9—12, 14—16.

THE wond'ring world inquires to l
Why I ſhould love my Jeſus ſo;
" What are his charms," ſay they, '
" The objects of a mortal love ?"
2. Yes, my Beloved to my ſight
Shews a ſweet mixture red and whi
All human beauties, all divi-

[4. His head the fineſt gold excels,
There wiſdom in perfection dwells,
And glory like a crown adorns
Thoſe temples once beſet with thorns.
5. Compaſſions in his heart are found
Hard by the ſignals of his wound;
His ſacred ſide no more ſhall bear
The cruel ſcourge the piercing ſpear.]
[6. His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds ſet in rings of gold;
Thoſe heav'nly hands that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled, for me.
7. Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees
Loaded with ſins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command
His legs like marble pillars ſtand.]
[8. His eyes are majeſty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove;
No more ſhall trickling ſorrows roll
Thro' thoſe dear windows of his ſoul.]
9. His mouth that pour'd out long complaints
Now ſmiles and cheers his fainting ſaints;
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.
10. All over glorious is my Lord,
Muſt be belov'd and yet ador'd;
His worth if all the nations knew
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

LXXVI. *Chriſt dwells in heaven, but viſits on earth,* Sol. Song, vi. 1—3, 12.

WHEN ſtrangers ſtand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may ſeek and love him too.
2. My beſt Beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light in worlds unknown,
But he deſcends and ſhows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.
[3. In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order ſtand,
He feeds among the ſpicy beds
Where lilies ſhow their ſpotleſs heads.
4. He has engroſs'd my warmeſt love,
No earthly charms my ſoul can move;
I have a manſion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell ſhall make us part.]

LXXVII. *The love of Chriſt to the church in his language to her and proviſions for her*, Sol. Song, vii. 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.

Now in the gall'ries of his grace
Appears the King, and thus he ſays,
" How fair my ſaints are in my ſight,
" My love how pleaſant for delight!"
2. Kind is thy language ſov'reign Lord,
There 's heav'nly grace in ev'ry word;
From that dear mouth a ſtream divine
Flows ſweeter than the choiceſt wine.
3. Such wondrous love awakes the lip
Of ſaints that were almoſt aſleep
To ſpeak the praiſes of thy name,
And makes our cold affections flame.
4. Theſe are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below,
Gives us a reliſh of his love,
But keeps his nobleſt feaſt above.
5. In Paradiſe within the gates
An higher entertainment waits,
Fruits new and old laid up in ſtore,
Where we ſhall feed but thirſt no more.

LXXVIII. *The ſtrength of Chriſt's love, and the ſoul's jealouſy of her own*, Sol. Song, viii. 5—7, 13, 14.

[Who is this fair one in diſtreſs
That travels from the wilderneſs,
And preſs'd with ſorrows and with ſins
On her beloved Lord ſhe leans? 4

2. This is the ſpouſe of Chriſt our God,
Bought with the treaſures of his blood,
And her requeſt and her complaint
Is but the voice of ev'ry ſaint.] 8

3. "O let my name engraven ſtand
'Both on thy heart and on thy hand,
'Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
'That pledge of love for ever there. 12

4. "Stronger than death thy love is known,
'Which floods of wrath could never drown,
'And hell and earth in vain combine
'To quench a fire ſo much divine. 16

7. "Come my beloved, haſte away,
"Cut ſhort the hours of thy delay,
"Fly like a youthful hart or roe
"Over the hills where ſpices grow."

LXXIX. *A morning Hymn,* Pſal. xix. 5, 8. *and* lxxiii. 24, 25.

God of the morning, at whoſe voice
The cheerful ſun makes haſte to riſe,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey thro' the ſkies;

2. From the fair chambers of the eaſt
The circuit of his race begins,
And without wearineſs or reſt
Round the whole earth he flies and ſhines;

3. Oh! like the ſun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heav'nly way.

4. But I ſhall rove and loſe the race
If God my ſun ſhall diſappear,
And leave me in the world's wild maze
To follow ev'ry wand'ring ſtar.

5. Lord! thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes,
Thy threat'nings juſt, thy promiſe ſure,
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe.

Give me thy counſel for my guide,
then receive me to thy bliſs;
ny deſires and hopes beſide
aint and cold compar'd with this.

XX. *An evening Hymn*, Pſal. iv. 8. *and* iii. 5
*d* cxliii. 8.

s far the Lord has led me on,
far his pow'r prolongs my days,
ev'ry ev'ning ſhall make known
freſh memorial of his grace.
Much of my time has run to waſte,
perhaps am near my home,
e forgives my follies paſt,
ves me ſtrength for days to come.
lay my body down to ſleep,
is the pillow for my head,
e wellappointed angels keep
watchful ſtations round my bed.
n vain the ſons of earth or hell
ne a thouſand frightful things;
od in ſafety makes me dwell
th the ſhadow of his wings.
ſwith in his name forbids my fear

6. Thus when the night of death ſhall come
My fleſh ſhall reſt beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouſe my tomb
With ſweet ſalvation in the ſound.] 24

LXXXI. *A Song for morning or evening*, Lam. iii. 23. Iſa. xlv. 7.

My God! how endl
Thy gifts are ev'ry e
And morning mercie
Gently diſtil like ear 4
2. Thou ſpread'ſt t the night,
Great Guardian of m
Thy ſov'reign word
And quickens all my
3. I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I conſecrate my days;
Perpetual bleſſings from thine hand
Demand perpetual ſongs of praiſe. 12

LXXXII. *God far above creatures*, or, *Man vain and mortal*, Job iv. 17—21.

Shall the vile race of fleſh and blood
Contend with their Creator God?
Shall mortal worms preſume to be
More holy, wiſe, or juſt, than he? 4

2. Behold he puts his truſt in none
Of all the ſpirits round his throne;
Their natures when compar'd with his
Are neither holy, juſt, nor wiſe. 8

3. But how much meaner things are they
Who ſpring from duſt and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath
We faint and vaniſh like the moth. 12

4. From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thouſands in thy ſight,
Bury'd in duſt whole nations lie
Like a forgotten vanity. 16

5. Almighty Pow'r! to thee we bow,
How frail are we, how glorious thou!
No more the ſons of earth ſhall dare
With an eternal God compare. 20

LXXXIII. *Afflictions and death under Providence*, Job v. 6—8.

Now from the duſt affliction grows

6. Thus when the night of death ſhall come
My fleſh ſhall reſt beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouſe my tomb
With ſweet ſalvation in the ſound.] 24

LXXXI. *A Song for morning or evening*, Lam. iii. 23. Iſa. xlv. 7.

My God! how endleſs is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently diſtil like early dew. 4

2. Thou ſpread'ſt the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my ſleeping hours!
Thy ſov'reign word reſtores the light,
And quickens all my drowſy pow'rs. 8

3. I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I conſecrate my days;
Perpetual bleſſings from thine hand
Demand perpetual ſongs of praiſe. 12

LXXXII. *God far above creatures*, or, *Man vain and mortal*, Job iv. 17—21.

Shall the vile race of fleſh and blood
Contend with their Creator God?
Shall mortal worms preſume to be
More holy, wiſe, or juſt, than he? 4

5. "In me alone ſhall men confeſs
"Lies all their ſtrength and righteouſneſs;
"But ſuch as dare deſpiſe my name
"I 'll clothe them with eternal ſhame.
6. "In me the Lord ſhall all the ſeed
"Of Iſrael from their ſins be freed,
"And by their ſhining graces prove
"Their int'reſt in my pard'ning love."

## LXXXV. *The ſame.*

THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne,
"Mercy and Juſtice are the names
"By which I will be known.
2. "Ye dying ſouls that ſit
"In darkneſs and diſtreſs
"Look from the borders of the pit

LXXXVI. *God holy, juſt, and ſovereign,* Job ix. 2—10.

How ſhould the ſons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God!
If he contend in righteouſneſs
We fall beneath his rod.

2. To vindicate my words and thoughts
I 'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thouſand faults
Can bear a juſt defence.

3. Strong is his arm, his heart is wiſe:
What vain preſumers dare
Againſt their Maker's hand to riſe,
Or tempt th' unequal war?

[4. Mountains by his almighty wrath
From their old ſeats are torn,
He ſhakes the earth from ſouth to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

5. He bids the ſun forbear to riſe,
Th' obedient ſun forbears;
His hand with ſackcloth ſpreads the ſkies
And ſeals up all the ſtars.

6. He walks upon the ſtormy ſea,
Flies on the ſtormy wind;
There 's none can trace his wondrous way,
Or his dark footſteps find.]

LXXXVII. *God dwells with the humble and penitent,* Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

THUS faith the high and lofty One
" I fit upon my holy throne;
" My name is God, I dwell on high,
" Dwell in my own eternity.
2. " But I descend to worlds below,
" On earth I have a manſion too;
" The humble ſpirit and contrite
" Is an abode of my delight.
3. " The humble ſoul my words revive,
" I bid the mourning ſinner live,
" Heal all the broken hearts I find,
" And raiſe the ſorrows of the mind.
4. " When I contend againſt their ſin
" I make them know how vile they 've been,
" But ſhould my breath for ever ſmoke
" Their ſouls would ſink beneath my ſtroke."

[2. Life is the hour that God has giv'n
To 'ſcape from hell and fly to heav'n,
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the bleſſings of the day.]

3. The living know that they muſt die,
But all the dead forgotten lie,
Their mem'ry and their ſenſe is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

[4. Their hatred an loſt,
Their envy bury'd in
They have no ſhare in
Beneath the circuit of

5. Then what my t o do
My hands with all yo
Since no device nor w
Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.

6. There are no acts of pardon paſt
In the cold grave to which we haſte,
But darkneſs, death, and long deſpair,
Reign in eternal ſilence there.

## LXXXIX. *Youth and judgment*, Eccleſ. xi. 9.

Ye ſons of Adam vain and young,
Indulge your eyes indulge your tongue,
Taſte the delights your ſouls deſire,
And give a looſe to all your fire.

This book records your secret faults,
The works of darkneſs you have done
Muſt all appear before the ſun.

4. The vengeance to your follies due
Should ſtrike your hearts with terrour thro'
How will ye ſtand before his face,
Or anſwer for his injur'd grace?

5. Almighty God! turn off their eyes
From theſe alluring vanities,
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their ſouls to fear the Lord.

## XC. *The ſame.*

Lo! the young tribes of Adam riſe,
And thro' all nature rove,
Fulfil the wiſhes of their eyes,
And taſte the joys they love

3. The Judge prepares his throne on high,
The frighted earth and ſeas
Avoid the fury of his eye
And fly before his face. 12
4. How ſhall I bear that dreadful day
And ſtand the fiery teſt!
I give all mortal joys away
To be for ever bleſt. 16

XCI. *Advice to youth*, or, O[illegible] *h in an uncon-verted ſtate*, Eccleſ. xii. 1[illegible]0.

Now in the heat of youth[illegible]
Remember your Creator [illegible]
Behold the months come h[illegible]ning on
When you ſhall ſay "My joys are gone." 4
2. Behold the aged ſinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead
With endleſs curſes on his head. 8
3. The duſt returns to duſt again;
The ſoul in agonies of pain
Aſcends to God, not there to dwell,
But hears her doom and ſinks to hell. 12
4. Eternal King! I fear thy name,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And when my ſoul muſt hence remove
Give me a manſion in thy love. 16

XCII. *Chriſt the wiſdom of God*, Prov. viii. 1, 22—32.

SHALL Wiſdom cry aloud
And not her ſpeech be heard?
The voice of God's Eternal Word
Deſerves it no regard?
2. "I was his chief delight,
'His everlaſting Son,
'Before the firſt of all his works,
'Creation, was begun.
[3. "Before the flying clouds,
'Before the ſolid land,
'Before the fields, before the floods,
'I dwelt at his right hand.
4. "When he adorn'd the ſkies,
'And built them, I was there
'To order when the ſun ſhould riſe,
'And marſhal ev'ry ſtar.
5. "When he pour'd out the ſea,

7. " My busy thoughts at first
" On their salvation ran,
" Ere sin was born or Adam's dust
" Was fashion'd to a man. 28
8. Then come, receive my grace
" Ye children, and be wise;
" Happy the man that keeps my ways,
" The man that shuns them dies." 32

XCIII. *Christ or Wi*[illegible]*resisted*, Prov. viii. 34—36.

Thus saith the Wis[illegible]d
" Bless'd is the man [illegible] word,
" Keeps daily watch [illegible]tes,
" And at my feet for [illegible] 4
2. " The soul that seeks me mail obtain
" Immortal wealth and heav'nly gain;
" Immortal life is his reward,
" Life and the favour of the Lord. 8
3. But the vile wretch that flies from me
" Doth his own soul an injury;
" Fools that against my grace rebel
" Seek death, and love the road to hell." 12

XCIV. *Justification by faith not by works*, or, *The law condemns, grace justifies*, Rom. iii. 19—22.

Vain are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built,
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

... voice of God's Eternal Word
Deſerves it no regard?

2. "I was his chief delight,
"His everlaſting Son,
"Before the firſt of all his works,
"Creation, was begun.

[3. "Before the flying clouds,
"Before the ſolid land,
"Before the fields, before the floods,
"I dwelt at his right hand.

4. "When he adorn'd the ſkies,
"And built them, I was there
"To order when the ſun ſhould riſe,
"And marſhal ev'ry ſtar.

5. "When he pour'd out the ſea,
"And ſpread the flowing deep,
"I gave the flood a firm decree
"In its own bound[illegible]

7. " My busy thoughts at first
" On their salvation ran,
" Ere sin was born or Adam's dust
" Was fashion'd to a man.

8. Then come, receive my grace
" Ye children, and be wise;
" Happy the man that keeps my ways,
" The man that shuns them dies."

XCIII. *Christ or Wisdom obeyed or rejected*, Prov. viii. 34—36.

Thus saith the Wisdom of the Lord
" Blest'd is the man that hears my word,
" Keeps daily watch before my gates,
" And at my feet for mercy waits.

2. " The soul that seeks me shall obtain
" Immortal wealth and heav'nly gain;
" Immortal life is his reward,
" Life and the favour of the Lord.

3. But the vile wretch that flies from me
" Doth his own soul an injury;
" Fools that against my grace rebel
" Seek death, and love the road to hell."

XCIV. *Justification by faith not by works*, or, *The law condemns, grace justifies*, Rom. iii. 19—22.

Vain are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built,
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2. Let Jew and Gentile ſtop their mouths
Without a murm'ring word,
And the whole race of Adam ſtand
Guilty before the Lord.

3. In vain we aſk God's righteous law
To juſtify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4. Jeſus! how glorious is thy grace
When in thy name we truſt!
Our faith receives a righteouſneſs
That makes the ſinner juſt.

XCV. *Regeneration*, John i. 13. *and* iii. 3, *&c*

Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has giv'n,
Nor will of man nor blood nor birth,
Can raiſe a ſoul to heav'n.

2. The ſov'reign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace,
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.

3. The Spirit like ſome heav'nly wind

4. Our quicken'd ſouls awake and riſe
From the long ſleep of death,
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praiſe employs our breath. 16

XCVI. *Election excludes boaſting*, 1 Cor. i. 26—31.

But few among the carnal wiſe,
But few of noble race,
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
Almighty King of grace. 4

2. He takes the men of meaneſt name
For ſons and heirs of God,
And thus he pours abundant ſhame
On honourable blood. 8

3. He calls the fool and makes him know
The myſt'ries of his grace
To bring aſpiring wiſdom low
And all its pride abaſe. 12

4. Nature has all its glories loſt
When brought before his throne,
No fleſh ſhall in his preſence boaſt
But in the Lord alone. 16

XCVII. *Chriſt our wiſdom, righteouſneſs, &c.* 1 Cor. i. 30.

Bury'd in ſhadows of the night
We lie till Chriſt reſtores the light;
Wiſdom deſcends to heal the blind
And chaſe the darkneſs of the mind. 4

Such virtues from his ſuff'rings flow
At once to cleanſe and pardon too.

4. Jeſus beholds where Satan reigns
Binding his ſlaves in heavy chains,
He ſets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5. Poor helpleſs worms in thee poſſeſs
Grace, wiſdom, pow'r, and righteouſneſs:
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole ſelves O Lord to thee.

## XCVIII. *The ſame.*

How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Chriſt with his reviving light
Over our ſouls ariſe!

3. Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways,
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace. 12

4. The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain,
He sets the sons of bondage free
And breaks the cursed chain. 16

5. Lord! we ador
To bring us near to
Thy sov'reign pow'
And thine atoning b 20

XCIX. *Stones made* *im*, or, *Grace not conveyed by religion.* iii. 9.

VAIN are the hopes that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Descended from a pious race
(Their fathers now with God.) 4

2. He from the caves of earth and hell
Can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of Abra'm well
With new-created sons. 8

3. Such wondrous pow'r doth he possess
Who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptiness,
The world obey'd and came. 12

C. *Believe and be saved*, John iii. 16—18.

NOT to condemn the sons of men
Did Christ the Son of God appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword nor thunder there. 4

2. Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of men so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell. 8

3. Sinners! believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name and live,
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give. 12

4. But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse the grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise
The hottest hell shall be their place. 16

CI. *Joys in heaven for a repenting sinner*, Luke xv. 7, 10.

3. The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy ſoul he form'd anew,
And ſaints and angels join to ſing
The growing empire of their King. 12

CII. *The beatitudes*, Matth. v. 2—12.

[Bleſs'd are the hu
Their emptineſs and p
Treaſures of grace to t
And crowns of joy lai 4
[2. Bleſs'd are the n rt
Who mourn for ſin wi ;
The blood of Chriſt di
A healing balm for all their woes.] 8
[3. Bleſs'd are the meek who ſtand afar
From rage and paſſion, noiſe and war,
God will ſecure their happy ſtate,
And plead their cauſe againſt the great.] 12
[4. Bleſs'd are the ſouls that thirſt for grace,
Hunger and long for righteouſneſs,
They ſhall be well ſupply'd and fed
With living ſtreams and living bread.] 16
[5. Bleſs'd are the men whoſe bowels move
And melt with ſympathy and love,
From Chriſt the Lord ſhall they obtain
Like ſympathy and love again.] 20

[6. Bleſs'd are the pure whoſe hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'rs of ſin,
With endleſs pleaſure they ſhall ſee
A God of ſpotleſs purity.]

[7. Bleſs'd are the men of peaceful life
Who quench the coals of growing ſtrife,
They ſhall be call'd the heirs of bliſs,
The ſons of God, the God of peace.]

[8. Bleſs'd are the ſuff'rers who partake
Of pain and ſhame for Jeſus' ſake,
Their ſouls ſhall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.]

CIII. *Not aſhamed of the goſpel*, 2 Tim. i. 12.

I'm not aſham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cauſe,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his croſs.

4. Then will he own my worthleſs name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jeruſalem
Appoint my ſoul a place. 16

CIV. *A ſtate of nature and grace*, 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves nor ſland'rers, ſhall obtain
The kingdom of our God. 4

2. Surpriſing grace! and ſuch were we
By nature and by ſin,
Heirs of immortal miſery,
Unholy and unclean. 8

3. But we are waſh'd in Jeſus' blood,
We 're pardon'd thro' his name,
And the good Spirit of our God
Has ſanctify'd our frame. 12

4. O for a perſevering pow'r
To keep thy juſt commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands. 16

CV. *Heaven inviſible and holy*, 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi. 27.

NOR eye hath ſeen nor ear has heard,
Nor ſenſe nor reaſon known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For thoſe that love the Son. 4

ıt the good Spirit of the Lord
, a heav'n to come;
ams of glory in his word
and guide us home.
ıre are the joys above the sky,
the region peace,
ıton lips nor envious eye
or taſte the bliſs.
ıoſe holy gates for ever bar
ın, ſin, and ſhame;
all obtain admittance there
owers of the Lamb.
e keeps the Father's book of life,
ll their names are found;
pocrite in vain ſhall ſtrive
d the heav'nly ground.

*ail to ſin by the croſs of Chriſt*, Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.

we go on to ſin
thy grace abounds,
ſy the Lord again
n all his wounds?
hid it mighty God!

3. We will be slaves no more
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross
And bought our liberty. 16

CVII. *The fall and recovery of man*, or, *Christ and Satan at enmity*, Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.

Deceiv'd by subtile
Adam our head, our
When Satan in the s
Propos'd the fruit th 4
2. Death was the t uth began
To take possession of
His unborn race rece d,
And heavy curses smote the ground. 8
3. But Satan found a worse reward;
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,
"Let everlasting hatred be
"Betwixt the woman's seed and thee. 12
4. "The woman's seed shall be my Son,
"He shall destroy what thou hast done,
"Shall break thy head, and only feel
"Thy malice raging at his heel." 16
[5. He spake, and bid four thousand years
Roll on; at length his Son appears;
Angels with joy descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth. 20

6. Lo! by the ſons of hell he dies;
But as he hung 'twixt earth and ſkies
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.] 24

CVIII. *Chriſt unſeen and beloved*, 1 Pet. i. 8.

Nor with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word. 4

2. On earth we want the ſight
Of our Redeemer's face,
Yet, Lord! our inmoſt thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace. 8

3. And when we taſte thy love
Our joys divinely grow
Unſpeakable like thoſe above,
And heav'n begins below. 12

CIX. *The value of Chriſt and his righteouſneſs*, Phil. iii.

3. Yes, and I muſt and will eſteem
All things but loſs for Jeſus' ſake;
O may my ſoul be found in him,
And of his righteouſneſs partake! 12

4. The beſt obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne,
But faith can anſwer thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done. 16

CX. *Death and immediate* — 7. 1, 5—8.

THERE is a houſe not ma
Eternal and on high,
And here my ſpirit waitin
Till God ſhall bid it fly. 4

2. Shortly this priſon o
Muſt be diſſolv'd and fall,
Then O my ſoul with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call. 8

3. 'Tis he by his almighty grace
That forms thee fit for heav'n,
And as an earneſt of the place
Has his own Spirit giv'n. 12

4. We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word,
But while the body is our home
We 're abſent from the Lord. 16

2. The words of his extenſive love
From age to age endure,
The angel of the cov'nant proves
And ſeals the bleſſing ſure.
3. Jeſus the ancient faith confirms
To our great fathers giv'n,
He takes young children to his arms
And calls them heirs of heav'n.
4. Our God! how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the ſame,
Nor from the promiſe of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

## CXIV. *The ſame*, Rom. xi. 16, 17.

Gentiles! by nature we belong
To the wild olive wood,
Grace took us from the barren tree
And grafts us in the good.
With the ſame bleſſings grace beſtows
...tile and the Jew;
...d holy be the root
...he branches too.
...n let the children of the ſaints
...d;
...t on them Lord,
...thy blood.

4. Thus to the parents and their ſeed
Shall thy ſalvation come,
And num'rous houſeholds meet at laſt
In one eternal home. 16

CXV. *Conviction of ſin by the law*, Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

LORD! how ſecure my conſcience was
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law
And thought my ſins were dead. 4

2. My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright,
But ſince the precept came
With a convincing pow'r and light
I find how vile I am. 8

[3. My guilt appear'd but ſmall before,
Till terribly I ſaw
How perfect, holy, juſt, and pure,
Was thine eternal law. 12

4. Then felt my ſoul the heavy load,
My ſins reviv'd again;
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were ſlain.] 16

5. I 'm like a helpleſs captive ſold
Under the pow'r of ſin,
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conſcience clean.

6. My God! I cry with ev'ry breath
For ſome kind pow'r to ſave,
To break the yoke of ſin and death
And thus redeem the ſlave.

CXVI. *Love to God and our neighbour*, Matth. 37—40.

1. Thus ſaith the firſt the great command,
" Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
" To love thy Maker and thy God
" With utmoſt vigour and delight.
2. " Then ſhall thy neighbour next in place
" Share thine affections and eſteem,
" And let thy kindneſs to thyſelf
" Meaſure and rule thy love to him."
3. This is the ſenſe that Moſes ſpoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law 's fulfill'd by love.
4. But oh how baſe our paſſions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!

2. Doth not the workman's pow'r extend
O'er all the mass which part to chuse,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler use?] 8

3. May not the sov'reign Lord on high
Dispense his favours as he will,
Chuse some to life while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still? 12

[4. What if to make his terrour known
He lets his patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on
And seal their own destruction sure? 16

5. What if he means to shew his grace,
And his electing love employs
To mark out some of mortal race,
And forms them fit for heav'nly joys?] 20

6. Shall man reply against the Lord
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust? 24

7. But O my soul! if truth so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day. 28

8. Then shall he make his justice known
And the whole world before his throne
With joy or terrour shall confess
The glory of his righteousness. 32

XVIII. *Moſes and Chriſt*, or, *Sins againſt the law and goſpel*, John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6. *and* x. 28, 29.

'HE law by Moſes came,
ut peace, and truth, and love,
/ere brought by Chriſt (a nobler name)
eſcending from above. 4

2. Amidſt the houſe of God
heir diff'rent works were done;
loſes a faithful ſervant ſtood,
ut Chriſt a faithful Son. 8

3. Then to his new commands
e ſtrict obedience paid;
'er all his Father's houſe he ſtands
he Sov'reign and the Head. 12

4. The man that durſt deſpiſe
he law that Moſes brought,
ehold! how terribly he dies
er his preſumptuous fault. 16

5. But ſorer vengeance falls
n that rebellious race
[illegible]

2. But ſouls enlighten'd from above
With joy receive the word,
They ſee what wiſdom, pow'r, and love,
Shines in their dying Lord. 8

3. The vital ſavour of his name
Reſtores their fainting breath,
But unbelief perverts the ſame
To guilt, deſpair, and death. 12

4. Till God diffuſe his graces down
Like ſhow'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain Apollos ſows the ground
And Paul may plant in vain. 16

CXX. *Faith of things unſeen*, Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

FAITH is the brighteſt evidence
Of things beyond our ſight,
Breaks thru' the clouds of fleſh and ſenſe,
And dwells in heav'nly light. 4

2. It ſets times paſt in preſent view,
Brings diſtant proſpects home
Of things a thouſand years ago,
Or thouſand years to come. 8

3. By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abra'm to unknown countries led
By faith obey'd the Lord. 12

4. He ſought a city fair and high
uilt by th' eternal hands,
nd faith aſſures us tho' we die
hat heav'nly building ſtands. 16

XXI. *Children devoted to God,* Gen. xvii. 7, 10. Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33.

*(For thoſe who practiſe infant baptiſm.)*

'hus ſaith the mercy of the Lord
I 'll be a God to thee,
I 'll bleſs thy num'rous race, and they
Shall be a feed for me." 4
2. Abra'm believ'd the promis'd grace
nd gave his ſons to God,
ut water ſeals the bleſſing now
hat once was ſeal'd with blood. 8
3. Thus Lydia ſanctify'd her houſe
hen ſhe receiv'd the word,
hus the believing jailor gave

CXXII. *Believers buried with Chriſt in baptiſm*, Ro. vi. 3, 4, &c.

Do we not know that ſolemn word
That we are bury'd with the Lord,
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our ſin?

2. Our ſouls receive diviner breath
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death;
So from the grave did Chriſt arife,
And lives to God above the ſkies.

3. No more let ſin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various luſts we ſerv'd before
Shall have dominion now no more.

CXXIII. *The repenting prodigal*, Luke xv. 13, &c.

Behold the wretch whoſe luſt and wine
Had waſted his eſtate,
He begs a ſhare amongſt the ſwine
To taſte the huſks they eat!

2. "I die with hunger here," he cries,
"I ſtarve in foreign lands,
"My father's houſe has large ſupplies,
"And bounteous are his hands.

3. "I 'll go and with a mournful tongue
"Fall down before his face;
"Father I 'ave done thy juſtice wrong,
"Nor can deſerve thy grace."

4. He ſaid, and haſten'd to his home
To ſeek his father's love;
The father ſaw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5. He ran and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiſs'd his ſon;
The rebel's heart with ſorrow brake
For follies he had done.

6. "Take off his clothes of ſhame and ſin,"
(The father gives command)
"Dreſs him in garments white and clean,
"With rings adorn his hand.

7. "A day of feaſting I ordain,
"Let mirth and joy abound,

3. But whilſt our ſpirits fill'd with awe
Behold the terrours of the law,
We ſing the honours of thy grace
That ſent to ſave our ruin'd race.
4. We ſing thine everlaſting Son
Who join'd our nature to his own,
Adam the ſecond from the duſt
Raiſes the ruins of the firſt.
[5. By the rebellion of one man
Thro' all his ſeed the miſchief ran,
And by one man's obedience now
Are all his ſeed made righteous too
6. Where ſin did reign and death abound
There have the ſons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns thro' the Lord our righteouſneſs.]

CXXV. *Chriſt's compaſſion to the weak and tempted,* Heb. iv. 16. *and* v. 7. Matth. xii. 20.

With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Prieſt above,
His heart is made of tenderneſs,
His bowels melt with love.
2. Touch'd with a ſympathy within
He knows our feeble frame,
He knows what ſore temptations mean,
For he has felt the ſame.

3. But ſpotleſs, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer ſtood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore
And did reſiſt to blood.

4. He in the days of feeble fleſh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his meaſure feels afreſh
What ev'ry member bears.

[5. He 'll never quench the ſmoking flax,
But raiſe it to a flame;
The bruiſed reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.]

6. Then let our humble faith addreſs
His mercy and his pow'r,
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the diſtreſſing hour.

CXXVI. *Charity and uncharitableneſs*, Rom. xiv. 17, 19. 1 Cor. x. 32.

3. Let pride and wrath be baniſh'd hence,
Meekneſs and love our ſouls purſue,
Nor ſhall our practice give offence
To ſaints, the Gentile, or the Jew. 12

CXXVII. *Chriſt's invitation to ſinners*, or, *Humility and pride*, Matth. xi. 28—30.

" Come hither all ye weary ſouls,
" Ye heavy laden ſinners come,
" I 'll give you reſt from all your toils,
" And raiſe you to my heav'nly home. 4
2. " They ſhall find reſt that learn of me;
" I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
" But paſſion rages like the ſea,
" And pride is reſtleſs as the wind. 8
3. " Bleſs'd is the man whoſe ſhoulders take
" My yoke and bear it with delight;
" My yoke is eaſy to his neck,
" My grace ſhall make the burden light." 12
4. Jeſus! we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Reſign our ſpirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will. 16

CXXVIII. *The apoſtles' commiſſion*, or, *The goſpel atteſted by miracles*, Mark xvi. 15, &c. Matth. xxviii. 18, &c.

'Go preach my goſpel," ſaith the Lord,
'Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
'He ſhall be ſav'd that truſts my word,
'He ſhall be damn'd that won't believe.
[2. "I'll make your great commiſſion known,
'And ye ſhall prove my goſpel true
'By all the works that I have done,
'By all the wonders ye ſhall do.
3. "Go heal the ſick, go raiſe the dead,
'Go caſt out devils in my name,
'Nor let my prophets be afraid
'Tho' Greeks reproach and Jews blaſphome.]
4. "Teach all the nations my commands,
'I 'm with you till the world ſhall end;
'All pow'r is truſted in my hands,
'I am defence and I defend!"

CXXIX. *Submiſſion and deliverance*, or, *Abraham offering his ſon*, Gen. xxii. 6, &c.

SAINTS at your Father's heav'nly word
Give up your comforts to the Lord,
He ſhall reſtore what you reſign,
Or grant you bleſſings more divine. 4

2. So Abra'm with obedient hand
Led forth his ſon at God's command,
The wood, the fire, the knife, he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful ſtroke. 8

3. "Abra'm forbear," the angel cry'd,
"Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd,
"Thy ſon ſhall live, and in thy ſeed
"Shall the whole earth be bleſs'd indeed." 12

4. Juſt in the laſt diſtreſſing hour
The Lord diſplays deliv'ring pow'r;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we ſhall ſee ſurpriſing grace. 16

CXXX. *Love and hatred*, Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30, &c.

NOW by the bowels of my God,
His ſharp diſtreſs, his ſore complaints,
By his laſt groans, his dying blood,
I charge my ſoul to love the ſaints. 4

2. Clamour and wrath and war be gone,
Envy and ſpite for ever ceaſe,
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongſt the ſaints, the ſons of peace. 8

3. The Spirit like a peaceful dove
Flies from the realms of noiſe and ſtrife;
Why ſhould we vex and grieve his love
Who ſeals our ſouls to heav'nly life?
4. Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Thro' all our lives let mercy run,
So God forgives our num'rous faults
For the dear ſake of Chriſt his Son.

## CXXXI. *The Phariſee and Publican*, Luke xviii. 10, &c.

Behold how ſinners diſagree,
The Publican and Phariſee!
One doth his righteouſneſs proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and ſhame.
2. This man at humble diſtance ſtands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands,
That boldly riſes near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.
3. The Lord their diff'rent language knows

CXXXII. *Holineſs and grace*, Tit. ii. 10—13.

So let our lips and lives expreſs
The holy goſpel we profeſs,
So let our works and virtues ſhine
To prove the doctrine all divine. 4

2. Thus ſhall we beſt proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the ſalvation reigns within,
And grace ſubdues the pow'r of ſin. 8

3. Our fleſh and ſenſe muſt be deny'd,
Paſſion and envy, luſt and pride,
While juſtice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve. 12

4. Religion bears our ſpirits up
While we expect that bleſſed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith ſtands leaning on his word. 16

CXXXIII. *Love and charity*, 1 Cor. xiii. 2—7, 13.

Let Phariſees of high eſteem
Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream
If love be wanting there. 4

2. Love ſuffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haſte,
She lets the preſent injʼry die
And long forgets the paſt. 8

[3. Malice and rage, thoſe fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue,
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
Tho' ſhe endure the wrong.] 12

[4. She nor deſires nor ſeeks to know
The ſcandals of the time,
Nor looks with pride on thoſe below,
Nor envies thoſe that climb.] 16

5. She lays her own advantage by
To ſeek her neighbour's good,
So God's own Son came down to die
And bought our lives with blood. 20

6. Love is the grace that keeps her powʼr
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But ſaints for ever love. 24

2. Were I inſpir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love. 8

3. Should I diſtribute all my ſtore
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name. 12

4. If love to God and love to men
Be abſent all my hopes are vain,
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil. 16

CXXXV. *The love of Chriſt ſhed abroad in the heart,* Eph. iii. 16, &c.

Come, deareſt Lord! deſcend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breaſt,
Then ſhall we know, and taſte, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expreſt. 4

2. Come fill our hearts with inward ſtrength,
Make our enlarged ſouls poſſeſs
And learn the heighth, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeaſurable grace. 8

3. Now to the God, whoſe pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wiſhes know,
Be everlaſting honours done
By all the church thro' Chriſt his Son. 12

CXXXVI. *Sincerity and hypocriſy*, or, *Formality in worſhip*, John iv. 24. Pſal. cxxxix. 23, 24.

GOD is a ſpirit juſt and wiſe,
He ſees our inmoſt mind,
In vain to heav'n we raiſe our cries
And leave our ſouls behind. 4

2. Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Thro' the diſguiſe they wear. 8

3. Their lifted eyes ſalute the ſkies,
Their bending knees the ground,
But God abhors the ſacrifice
Where not the heart is found. 12

4. Lord! ſearch my thoughts and try my ways,
And make my ſoul ſincere,
Then ſhall I ſtand before thy face
And find acceptance there. 16

CXXXVII. *Salvation by grace in Chriſt*. 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

[redacted] his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son
Before he spread the starry sky. 12

4. Jesus the Lord appears at last
And makes his Father's counsels known,
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down. 16

5. He dies, and in that dreadful night
Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy;
Rising he brought our heav'n to light,
And took possession of the joy. 20

## CXXXVIII. *Saints in the hands of Christ*, John x. 28, 29.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands
My Lord, my hope, my trust!
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost. 4

2. His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All that his heav'nly Father gave
His hands securely keep. 8

3. Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest. 12

CXXXIX. *Hope in the covenant, or, God's promiſe and truth unchangeable*, Heb. vi. 17—19.

How oft' have ſin and Satan ſtrove
To rend my ſoul from thee my God?
But everlaſting is thy love,
And Jeſus ſeals it with his blood. 4

2. The oath and promiſe of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal Pow'r performs the word,
And fills all heav'n with endleſs praiſe. 8

3. Amidſt temptations ſharp and long
My ſoul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor firm and ſtrong
While tempeſts blow and billows riſe. 12

4. The goſpel bears my ſpirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promiſes, and blood. 16

CXL. *A living and a dead faith, collected from ſeveral ſcriptures.*

3. 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all ſinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above. 12

4. 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celeſtial pow'r:
This is the grace that ſhall prevail
In the deciſive hour. 16

[5. Faith muſt obey her Father's will
As well as truſt his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous ſtill
For his own holineſs. 20

6. When from the curſe he ſets us free
He makes our natures clean,
Nor would he ſend his Son to be
The miniſter of ſin. 24

7. His Spirit purifies our frame
And ſeals our peace with God;
Jeſus and his ſalvation came
By water and by blood.] 28

**CXLI.** *The humiliation and exaltation of Chriſt*, Iſa. liii. 1—5, 10—12.

**Who has believ'd thy word**
**Or thy ſalvation known?**
**Reveal thine arm almighty Lord**
**And glorify thy Son.** 4

2. The Jews eſteem'd him here
'oo mean for their belief:
orrows his chief acquaintance were
nd his companion grief. 8

3. They turn'd their eyes away
nd treated him with ſcorn,
ut 't was their grief upon him lay,
'heir ſorrows he has borne. 12

4. 'Twas for the ſtubborn Jews,
nd Gentiles then unknown,
'he God of juſtice pleas'd to bruiſe
is beſt-beloved Son. 16

5. "But I 'll prolong his days
And make his kingdom ſtand,
My pleaſure" (ſaith the God of grace)
Shall proſper in his hand. 20

[6. "His joyful ſoul ſhall ſee
The purchaſe of his pain,
And by his knowledge juſtify
The guilty ſons of men.] 24

CXLII. *The same*, Isa. liii. 6—9, 12.

Like sheep we went astray
And broke the fold of God,
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all the downward road.

2. How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3. How glorious was the grace!
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

4. His honour and his breath
Were taken both away,
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

5. But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a num'rous seed
To recompense his pain.

6. "I 'll give him" (saith the Lord)
"A portion with the strong;
"He shall possess a large reward
"And hold his honours long."

CXLIII. *Characters of the children of God from several scriptures.*

So newborn babes desire the breast
To feed, and grow, and thrive,
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live. 4

[2. With inward gust their heart approves
All that the word relates,
They love the men their Father loves
And hate the works he hates.] 8

[3. Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth
Can make them slaves to lust;
They cann't forget their heav'nly birth
Nor grovel in the dust. 12

4. Not all the chains that tyrants use
Shall bind their souls to vice,

7. They find access at ev'ry hour
To God within the vail,
Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r
And joys that never fail.

8. O happy ſouls! O glorious ſtate
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell ſo near their Father's ſeat
And ſee his lovely face!

9. Lord! I addreſs thy heav'nly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

10. There ſhed thy choiceſt loves abroad
And make my comforts ſtrong,
Then ſhall I ſay, "My Father God"
With an unwav'ring tongue.

CXLIV. *The witneſſing and ſealing Spirit*, Rom. viii. 14, 16. Eph. i. 13, 14.

WHY ſhould the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! deſcend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2. Doſt thou not dwell in all the ſaints
And ſeal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou baniſh my complaints
And ſhow my ſins forgiv'n?

3. Aſſure my conſcience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood,
And bear thy witneſs with my heart
That I am born of God. 12
4. Thou art the earneſt of his love,
The pledge of joys to come,
And thy ſoft wings, celeſtial Dove,
Will ſafe convey me home. 16

CXLV. *Chriſt and Aaron, taken from* Heb. vii. *and* ix.

JESUS! in thee our eyes behold
A thouſand glories more
Than the rich gems and poliſh'd gold
The ſon of Aaron wore. 4
2. They firſt their own burntoff'rings brought
To purge themſelves from ſin,
Thy life was pure without a ſpot
And all thy nature clean. 8
3. Freſh blood as conſtant as the day
Was on their altar ſpilt.

[5. Once in the circuit of a year
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears
Before the golden throne.
6. But Chriſt by his own powerful blood
Aſcends above the ſkies,
And in the preſence of our God
Shows his own ſacrifice.
7. Jeſus the King of glory reigns
On Sion's heav'nly hill,
Looks like a Lamb that has been ſlain,
And wears his Prieſthood ſtill.
8. He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face;
Give him my ſoul thy cauſe to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

CXLVI. *Characters of Chriſt borrowed from inanimate things in ſcripture.*

Go worſhip at Emanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to expreſs
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
[2. The whole creation can afford
But ſome faint ſhadows of my Lord;
Nature to make his beauties known
Muſt mingle colours not her own.]

[3. Is he compar'd to Wine or Bread?
Dear Lord! our ſouls would thus be fed;
That fleſh that dying blood of thine
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.]

[4. Is he a Tree? the world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves;
That righteous Branch that fruitful Bough
Is David's root and offſpring too.]

[5. Is he a Roſe? not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields,
Or if the Lily he aſſume
The vallies bleſs the rich perfume.]

[6. Is he a Vine? his heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit.
O let a laſting union join
My ſoul to Chriſt the living vine!]

[7. Is he the Head? each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives;
The ſaints below and ſaints above
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]

[8. Is he a Fountain? there I bathe.

[10. Is he a Rock? how firm he proves!
The Rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert thro'.]

[11. Is he a Way? he leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.]

[12. Is he a Door? I'll enter in,
Behold the pastures large and green,
A Paradise divinely fair;
None but the sheep have freedom there.]

[13. Is he design'd a Corner-stone
For men to build their heav'n upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]

[14. Is he a Temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r,
And still to his most holy place
Whene'er I pray I turn my face.]

[15. Is he a Star? he breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright the morning-star.]

[16. Is he a Sun? his beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness;
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.]

17. O let me climb thoſe higher ſkies
Where ſtorms and darkneſs never riſe!
There he diſplays his pow'rs abroad,
And ſhines and reigns th' incarnate God. 68

18. Nor earth, nor ſeas, nor ſun, nor ſtars,
Nor heav'n, his full reſemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace
Till we behold him face to face. 72

## CXLVII. *The names and titles of Chriſt from ſeveral ſcriptures.*

'Tis from the treaſures of his word
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art nor nature can ſupply
Sufficient forms of majeſty. 4

2. Bright image of the Father's face
Shining with undiminiſh'd rays,
Th' Eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.] 8

3. The King of kings, the Lord moſt high,

5. But when for works of peace he comes
What winning titles he aſſumes!
Light of the World, and Life of Men,
Nor bears thoſe characters in vain.
6. With tender pity in his heart
He acts the Mediator's part,
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the names he wears.
7. At length the Judge his throne aſcends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And ſaints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

## CXLVIII. *The ſame as the* cxlviiith *Pſalm.*

[WITH cheerful voice I ſing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honour from his word.
Nature and art
Can ne'er ſupply
Sufficient forms
Of majeſty.
2. In Jeſus we behold
His Father's glorious face
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays;

Th' Eternal God's
Eternal Son
Inherits and
Partakes the throne.]

3. The sov'reign King of kings,
The Lord of lords moſt high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh.
His name is call'd
"The Word of God;"
He rules the earth
With iron rod.

4. Where promiſes and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry Lamb reſents
The inj'ries of his love;
Awakes his wrath
Without delay
As lions roar

6. Immenſe compaſſion reigns
In our Emanuel's heart
When he deſcends to act
As Mediator's part.
He is a friend
And brother too
Divinely kind
Divinely true. 48

7. At length the Lord the Judge
His awful throne aſcends,
And drives the rebels far
From favourites and friends;
Then ſhall the ſaints
Completely prove
The heights and depths
Of all his love. 56

CXLIX. *The offices of Chriſt from ſeveral ſcriptures.*

JOIN all the names of love and pow'r
That ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to ſpeak his worth,
Or ſet Emanuel's glory forth. 4

2. But O, what condeſcending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder ſee
What forms of love he bears to me. 8

[3. The Angel of the cov'nant ſtands
With his commiſſion in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne
To make the great ſalvation known.] 12

[4. Great Prophet! let me bleſs thy name,
By thee the joyful tidings came
Of wrath appeas'd, of ſins forgiv'n,
Of hell ſubdu'd, and peace with heav'n.]

[5. My bright Example and my Guide
I would be walking near thy ſide;
O let me never run aſtray,
Nor follow the forbidden way!]

[6. I love my Shepherd, he ſhall keep
My wand'ring ſoul amongſt his ſheep;
He feeds his flocks, he calls their names,
And in his boſom bears the lambs.]

[7. My Surety undertakes my cauſe,
Anſw'ring his Father's broken laws;
Behold my ſoul at freedom ſet,
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]

[8. Jeſus, my great High Prieſt, has dy'd,
I ſeek no ſacrifice beſide;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.]

[9. My advocate appears on high

[11. Aspire my soul to glorious deeds,
The Captain of Salvation leads:
March on, nor fear to win the day
Tho' Death and Hell obstruct the way.] 44

12. Should Death, and Hell, and pow'rs unknown,
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Salvation in more sov'reign ways. 48

## CL. *The same as the* cxlviiith *Psalm.*

Join all the glorious names
Of Wisdom, Love, and Pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore,
All are too mean
To speak his worth,
Too mean to set
My Saviour forth. 8

2. But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heav'nly grace!
Mine eyes with joy
And wonder see
What forms of love
He bears for me. 16

[3. Array'd in mortal flesh
He like an angel ſtands,
And holds the promiſes
And pardons in his hands,
Commiſſion'd from
His Father's throne
To make his grace
To mortals known.]

[4. Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bleſs thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our ſalvation came;
The joyful news
Of ſins forgiv'n,
Of Hell ſubdu'd,
And peace with Heav'n.]

[5. Be thou my Counſellor,
My Patron and my Guide,
And thro' this deſert land
Still keep me near thy ſide.
O let my feet

He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
His bosom bears
The tender lambs.] 48

[7. To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause,
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul
At freedom set!
My Surety paid
The dreadful debt.] 56

[8. Jesus, my great High Priest!
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His pow'rful blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the throne.] 64

[9. My Advocate appears
For my defence on high,
The Father bows his ears
And lays his thunder by.
Not all that Hell
Or Sin can say
Shall turn his heart
His love away.] 72

[10. My dear almighty Lord,
My Conq'ror and my King!
Thy ſceptre and thy ſword,
Thy reigning grace, I ſing.
Thine is the pow'r;
Behold I ſit
In willing bonds
Beneath thy feet.]

[11. Now let my ſoul ariſe
And tread the tempter down,
My Captain leads me forth
To conqueſt and a crown.
Whoſe ſaint
Shall win the day
Beſt Death and Hell
Obſtruct the way.]

[12. Should all the hoſts of Death
And pow'rs of Hell unknown
Put their moſt dreadful forms
Of rage and miſchief on,
Whoſe ſaint

n Printed for John Bell British Library Strand July 1st 1781.

[10. My dear almighty Lord,
My Conq'ror and my King!
Thy ſceptre and thy ſword,
Thy reigning grace, I ſing.
Thine is the pow'r;
Behold I ſit
In willing bonds
Beneath thy feet.]

[11. Now let my ſoul ariſe
And tread the tempter down,
My Captain leads me forth
To conqueſt and a crown.
A feeble faint
Shall win the day
Tho' Death and Hell
Obſtruct the way.]

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And pow'rs of Hell unknown
Put their moſt dreadful forms
Of rage and miſchief on,
I ſhall be ſafe

rinted for John Bell British Library Strand July 1.1795.

# THE POETICAL WORKS OF ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Say, human Seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that soul, which animates each line,
And how it runs with such a graceful ease,
Loaded with pond'rous sense!——We are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 't is employs the blest'd, what makes their bliss;
Songs such as WATTS's are, and love like his. GROVE.

Sov'reign of Sacred Verse! accept the lays
Of a young hand that dares attempt thy praise.——
No vulgar themes thy pious Muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page:
You in majestick numbers mount the skies,
And meet descending angels as you rise,
Whose just applause charm the crowded groves,
And Addison thy tuneful song approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each sprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine. BRITANNICUS.

VOL. IV.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
*Anno* 1782.

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

## VOL. IV.

CONTAINING HIS

## HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

I. *COLLECTED FROM THE SCRIPTURES.*

II. *COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.*

III. *PREPARED FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.*

---

*Rev.* v. 9. *And they sung a new song saying, Thou art worthy, &c. for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us.*

*Solliti essent (i. e. Christiani) convenire, carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere.* PLIN. *in Epist.*

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Hail, heav'n-born Muse! that with celestial flame
And high seraphick numbers durst attempt
To gain thy native skies.——With thought sublime
And high sonorous words thou sweetly sing'st
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height stupendous, while thou soar'st
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father. STANDEN.

Seraphick heights I seem to gain
And sacred transports feel
While WATTS! to thy celestial strain
Surpris'd I listen still.

The gliding streams their course forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending forest lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget. PHILOMELA.

---

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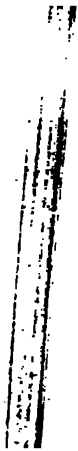

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[5. This northern isle, our native land,
Lies safe in the Almighty's hand;
Our foes of vict'ry dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.
6. He builds and guards the British throne,
And makes it gracious like his own,
Makes our successive princes kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.]
7. Raise monumental praises high
To him that thunders thro' the sky,
And with an awful nod or frown
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.
[8. Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' Eternal Name,
While trembling nations read from far
The honours of the God of war.]
9. Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Bycaus pronounce with warmest joy
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.
10. Yet mighty God! our feeble frame

2. Ling'ring about theſe mortal ſhores
She makes a long delay,
Till like a flood with rapid force
Death ſweeps the wretch away.

3. Then ſwift and dreadful ſhe deſcends
Down to the fiery coaſt,
Amongſt abominable fiends,
Herſelf a frightful ghoſt.

4. There endleſs crowds of ſinners lie
And darkneſs makes their chains;
Tortur'd with keen deſpair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5. Not all their anguiſh and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compaſſion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

6. Amazing grace that kept my breath,
Nor bid my ſoul remove
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well inſur'd his love!

III. *The death and burial of a ſaint.*

Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or ſhake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jeſus ſends
To call them to his arms.

2. Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our Love.

3. Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay
And left a long perfume.

4. The graves of all his saints he bless,
And soften'd ev'ry bed:
Where should the dying members rest
But with the dying Head?

5. Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

6. Then let the last loud trumpet sound
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake ye nations under ground,
Ye saints ascend the skies.

2. Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell, shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3. Should worlds conspire to drive me thence
Moveless and firm this heart should lie,
Resolv'd (for that 's my last defence)
If I must perish there to die.

4. But speak my Lord! and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dares my soul invade.

5. Yes, I 'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim:
Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best honours to his name.

## V. *Longing to praise Christ better.*

Lord! when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of my soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws
Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross;

2. When I behold Death, Hell, and Sin
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine,
And see the Man that groan'd and dy'd
Sit glorious by his Father's side,

3. My paſſions riſe and ſoar above,
I 'm wing'd with faith and fir'd with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel ſings.

4. But my heart fails, my tongue complain
For want of their immortal ſtrains,
And in ſuch humble notes as theſe
Muſt fall below thy victories.

5. Well, the kind minute muſt appear
When we ſhall leave theſe bodies here,
Theſe clogs of clay, and mount on high
To join the ſongs above the ſky.

## VI. *A morning Song.*

ONCE more, my ſoul! the riſing day
Salutes thy waking eyes,
Once more my voice thy tribute pay
To him that rolls the ſkies.

2. Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the ſound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he ſits
To turn the ſeaſons round.

3. 'Tis he ſupports my mortal frame,
My tongue ſhall ſpeak his praiſe,
My ſins would rouſe his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

[4. On a poor worm thy pow'n might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand. 16

5. A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.] 20

6. Dear God! let all my hours be thine
While I enjoy the light,
Then shall my sun in smiles decline
And bring a pleasant night. 24

## VII. *An evening Song.*

[Dread Sov'reign! let my ev'ning song
Like holy incense rise,
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies. 4

2. Thro' all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.] 8

3. Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found! 12

4. What have I done for him that dy'd
To ſave my wretched ſoul?
How are my follies multiply'd
Faſt as my minutes roll!
5. Lord! with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear croſs I flee,
And to thy grace my ſoul reſign
To be renew'd by thee.
6. Sprinkled afreſh with pard'ning blood
I lay me down to reſt,
As in th' embraces of my God
Or on my Saviour's breaſt.

VIII. *A Hymn for a morning or evening.*

HOSANNA with a cheerful ſound
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thouſand ſnares attend us round,
And yet ſecure we ſtand.
2. That was a moſt amazing pow'r
That rais'd us with a word.

4. The riſing morning cann't aſſure
That we ſhall end the day,
For Death ſtands ready at the door
To ſeize our lives away.
5. Our breath is forfeited by ſin
To God's revenging law;
We own thy grace immortal King
In ev'ry gaſp we draw.
6. God is our ſun, who
Our joy and ſafety bri
Our feeble fleſh lies ſa
Beneath his ſhady wi

IX. *Godly ſorrow ari of Chriſt.*

ALAS! and did my Savior
And did my Sov'reign die:
Would he devote that ſacred head
For ſuch a worm as I?
[2. Thy body ſlain, ſweet Jeſus! thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine
The glorious ſuff'rer ſtood!
3. Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

4. Well might the ſun in darkneſs hide
And ſhut his glories in
When God the mighty Maker dy'd
For man the creature's ſin.

5. Thus might I hide my bluſhing face
While his dear croſs appears,
Diſſolve my heart in thankfulneſs
And melt my eyes to tears.

6. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord! I give myſelf away,
'Tis all that I can do.

## X. *Parting with carnal joys.*

My ſoul forſakes her vain delight
And bids the world farewell,
Baſe as the dirt beneath my feet,
And miſchievous as hell.

2. No longer will I aſk your love
Nor ſeek your friendſhip more.

[4. Where pleaſure rolls its living flood,
From ſin and droſs refin'd,
Still ſpringing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.
5. Th' almighty Ruler of the ſphere,
The Glorious and the Great,
Brings his own allſufficient there
To make our bliſs complete.]
6. Had I the pinions of a dove
I 'd climb the heav'nly road,
There ſits my Saviour dreſs'd in love,
And there my ſmiling God.

## XI. *The ſame.*

I Send the joys of earth away,
Away ye tempters of the mind,
Falſe as the ſmooth deceitful ſea,
And empty as the whiſtling wind.
2. Your ſtreams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black deſpair,
And whilſt I liſten'd to your ſong
Your ſtreams had ev'n convey'd me there.
3. Lord! I adore thy matchleſs grace
That warn'd me of that dark abyſs,
That drew me from thoſe treach'rous ſeas,
And bid me ſeek ſuperiour bliſs.

4. Now to the ſhining realms above
I ſtretch my hands and glance mine eyes,
O for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper ſkies!

5. There from the boſom of my God
Oceans of endleſs pleaſures roll,
There would I fix my laſt abode,
And drown the ſorrows of my ſoul.

XII. *Chriſt is the ſubſtance of the Levitical prieſthood.*

The true Meſſiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the ſhadows and the ſtars
Before the riſing dawn.

2. No ſmoking ſweets nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid nor bullock ſlain,
Incenſe and ſpice of coſtly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3. Aaron muſt lay his robes away,
His mitre and his veſt,

5. "Father," he cries, "forgive their ſins,
"For I myſelf have dy'd,"
And then he ſhows his open'd veins
And pleads his wounded ſide.

XIII. *The creation, preſervation, diſſolution, and reſtoration, of this world.*

SING to the Lord that built the ſkies,
The Lord that rear'd this ſtately frame,
Let half the nations ſound his praiſe,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2. He form'd the ſeas and form'd the hills,
Made ev'ry drop and ev'ry duſt,
Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And puſh'd them into motion firſt.

3. Now from his high imperial throne
He looks far down upon the ſpheres,
He bids the ſhining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the haſty years.

4. Thus ſhall this moving engine laſt
Till all his ſaints are gather'd in,
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blaſt
To ſhake it all to duſt again!

5. Yet when the ſound ſhall tear the ſkies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints you may lift your joyful eyes,
There 's a new heav'n and earth for you.

XIV. *The Lord's-day*, or, *Delight in ordinances.*

WELCOME ſweet day of reſt
That ſaw the Lord ariſe,
Welcome to this reviving breaſt
And theſe rejoicing eyes! 4

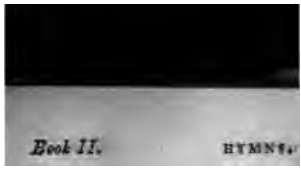
2. The King himſelf comes near
And feaſts his ſaints to-day;
Here we may ſit and ſee him here,
And love, and praiſe, and pray. 8

3. One day amidſt the place
Where my dear God hath been
Is ſweeter than ten thouſand days
Of pleaſurable ſin. 12

4. My willing ſoul would ſtay
In ſuch a frame as this,
And ſit and ſing herſelf away
To everlaſting bliſs. 16

XV. *The enjoyment of Chriſt*, or, *Delight in worſhip.*

TAR from my thoughts vain world be gone.





[3. The trees of life immortal ſtand
In flouriſhing rows at thy right hand,
And in ſweet murmurs by their ſide
Rivers of bliſs perpetual glide.

4. Haſte then but with a ſmiling face,
And ſpread a table of thy grace,
Bring down a taſte of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with ſacred wine.]

5. Bleſs'd Jeſus! what delicious fare,
How ſweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taſte above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

6. Hail great Emanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories ſhine:
Thou brighteſt, ſweeteſt, faireſt, one
That eyes have ſeen or angels known!

## XVI. *Part the ſecond.*

LORD! what a heav'n of ſaving grace
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face,
And lights our paſſions to a flame!
Lord! how we love thy charming name!

8. When I can ſay my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories ſhine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all the earth calls good or great.

9. While ſuch a ſcene of ſacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and ſouls employs
Here we could ſit and gaze away
A long an everlaſting day.
10. Well, we ſhall quickly paſs the night
To the fair coaſts of perfect light,
Then ſhall our joyful ſenſes rove
O'er the dear object of our love.
[11. There ſhall we drink full draughts of bliſs,
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees!
Yet now and then dear Lord beſtow
A drop of heav'n on worms below.
12. Send comforts down from thy right hand
While we paſs thro' this barren land,
And in thy temple let us ſee
A glimpſe of love, a glimpſe of thee.]

## XVII. *God's eternity.*

Riſe, riſe my ſoul and leave the ground,
Stretch all my thoughts abroad

3. His [illegible] years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their pride,
Eternity 's his dwelling-place,
And ever is his time.
4. While like a tide our minutes flow
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal Now,
And sees our ages waste.
5. The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come;
The creatures, look how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom.
6. Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies,
My God shall live an endless day
When th' old creation dies.

## XVIII. *The ministry of angels.*

High on a hill of dazzling light
The King of Glory spreads his seat,
And troops of angels stretch'd for flight
Stand waiting round his awful feet.
2. "Go," saith the Lord, "my Gabriel go,
"Salute the Virgin's fruitful womb *,
"Make haste ye cherubs down below,
"Sing and proclaim the Saviour come †."

* Luke i. 26. † Luke ii. 13.

3. Here a bright ſquadron leaves the ſkies
And thick around Eliſha ſtands *,
Anon a heav'nly ſoldier flies
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands †.
4. Thy winged troops, O God of hoſts!
Wait on thy wand'ring church below,
Here we are ſailing to thy coaſts,
Let angels be our convoy too.
5. Are they not all thy ſervants Lord?
At thy command they go and come,
With cheerful haſte obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home ‡.

## XIX. *Our frail bodies, and God our preſerver.*

Let others boaſt how ſtrong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear,
But we 'll confeſs O Lord to thee
What feeble things we are.
2. Freſh as the graſs our bodies ſtand

4. But 't is our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to th' almighty name
That rear'd us from the dust. 16

[5. He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains
In all their motions rose,
"Let blood," said he, "flow round the veins,"
And round the veins it flows. 20

6. While we have breath or use our tongues
Our Maker we 'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs
Or they would breathe no more.] 24

XX. *Backslidings and returns*, or, *The inconstancy of our love.*

Why is my heart so far from thee
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night? 4

[2. Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?] 8

3. When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days. 12

4. But ere ſome fleeting hour is paſt,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some ſenſual bait to ſeize my taſte
And to pollute my joys.

[5. Trifles of nature or of art
With fair deceitful charms
Intrude into my thoughtleſs heart,
And thruſt me from thy arms.]

6. Then I repent and vex my ſoul
That I ſhould leave thee ſo;
Where will thoſe wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go?

[7. Since promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief,
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief;

8. Seizing my ſoul with ſweet ſurpriſe
He draws with loving bands,
Divine compaſſion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.]

### XXI. *A ſong of praiſe to God the Redeemer.*

LET the old Heathens tune their ſong
Of great Diana and of Jove,
But the ſweet theme that moves my tongue
Is my Redeemer and his love.
2. Behold a God deſcends and dies
To ſave my ſoul from gaping hell;
How the black gulf where Satan lies
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!
3. How Juſtice frown'd and Vengeance ſtood
To drive me down to endleſs pain!
But the great Son propos'd his blood,
And heav'nly wrath grew mild again.
4. Infinite Lover, gracious Lord!
To thee be endleſs honours giv'n;
Thy wondrous name ſhall be ador'd
Round the wide earth and wider heav'n.

### XXII. *With God is terrible majeſty.*

TERRIBLE God! that reign'ſt on high,
How awful is thy thund'ring hand!
Thy fiery bolts how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withſtand.
2. This the old rebel angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown;
Thine arrows ſtruck the traitor thro',
And weighty vengeance ſunk him down.

3. This Sodom felt, and feels it ſtill,
And roars beneath th' eternal load:
"With endleſs burnings who can dwell,
"Or bear the fury of a God?"
4. Tremble ye ſinners and ſubmit,
Throw down your arms before his throne,
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his ſtrong hand ſhall cruſh you down.
5. And ye bleſs'd ſaints that love him too
With rev'rence bow before his name;
Thus all his heav'nly ſervants do:
God is a bright and burning flame.

XXIII. *The ſight of God and Chriſt in heaven.*

DESCEND from heav'n immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of theſe inferiour things;
2. Beyond, beyond this lower ſky,
Up where eternal ages roll,

4. Adoring ſaints around him ſtand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;
The God ſhines gracious thro' the man,
And ſheds ſweet glories on them all!
5. O what amazing joys they feel
While to their golden harps they ſing,
And ſit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And ſpread the triumphs of their King!
6. When ſhall the day dear Lord appear
That I ſhall mount to dwell above,
And ſtand and bow amongſt 'em there,
And view thy face and ſing and love?

XXIV. *The evil of ſin viſible in the fall of angels and men.*

When the great Builder arch'd the ſkies,
And form'd all nature with a word,
The joyful cherubs tun'd his praiſe,
And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.
2. High in the midſt of all the throng
Satan a tall archangel ſat,
Amongſt the morning-ſtars he ſung *
Till ſin deſtroy'd his heav'nly ſtate.
[3. 'Twas ſin that hurl'd him from his throne;
Grov'ling in fire the rebel lies:
"How art thou ſunk in darkneſs down,
"Son of the morning †, from the ſkies!"]

* Job xxxviii. 7. † Iſa. xiv. 12.

And thus our two firſt parents ſtood,
n defil'd the happy place;
loſt their garden and their God,
uin'd all their unborn race.
So ſprung the plague from Adam's bow'r,
pread deſtruction all abroad;
he curs'd name! that in one hour
d ſix days labour of a God.]
I tremble my ſoul! and mourn for grief
ſuch a foe ſhould ſeize thy breaſt,
thy Lord for quick relief:
ay he ſlay this treach'rous gueſt!
Then to thy throne victorious King,
to thy throne our ſhouts ſhall riſe,
everlaſting arm we ſing,
n the monſter bleeds and dies.

## XXV. *Complaining of ſpiritual ſloth.*

rowſy pow'rs why ſleep ye ſo?
e my ſluggiſh ſoul!
ng has half thy work to do,
othing 's half ſo dull.
The little ants for one poor grain

3. We for whoſe ſake all nature ſtands,
And ſtars their counſels move,
We for whoſe guard the angel-bands
Come flying from above!
4. We for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careleſs to ſecure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!
5. Lord! ſhall we lie ſo ſluggiſh ſtill,
And never act our parts!
Come holy Dove from th' heav'nly hill,
And ſit and warm our hearts.
6. Then ſhall our active ſpirits move,
Upwards our ſouls ſhall riſe;
With hands of faith and wings of love
We 'll fly and take the prize.

## XXVI. *God inviſible.*

LORD! we are blind, we mortals blind,
We cann't behold thy bright abode,
O 't is beyond a creature-mind
To glance a thought half way to God.
2. Infinite leagues beyond the ſky
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor ſouls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topleſs throne.

The Lord of glory builds his feat
ms infufferably bright,
ays beneath his facred feet
intial beams of gloomy night.
Yet glorious Lord! thy gracious eyes
thro' and cheer us from above;
id our praife thy grandeur flies,
e adore and yet we love.

VII. *Praife ye him all his angels, Pfal.* cxlviii. 2.

the eternal awful name
he whole heav'nly army fears,
hakes the wide creation's frame,
atan trembles when he hears.
Like flames of fire his fervants are,
ight furrounds his dwelling-place;
ye fiery flames! declare
righter glories of his face.
Tis not for fuch poor worms as we
ak fo infinite a thing,
ur immortal eyes furvey
eauties of your fov'reign King.
Tell how he fhows his fmiling face,
[illegible] all heav'n in bright array.

5. Speak (for you feel his burning love)
What zeal it ſpreads thro' all your frame;
That ſacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have loſt the name.

[6. Sing of his pow'r and juſtice too,
That infinite right hand of his
That vanquiſh'd Satan and his crew,
And thunder drove them down from bliſs.]

[7. What mighty ſtorms of poiſon'd darts
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!
What deadly jav'lins nail'd their hearts
Faſt to the racks of long deſpair!]

[8. Shout to your King you heav'nly hoſt,
You that beheld the ſinking foe;
Firmly ye ſtood when they were loſt;
Praiſe the rich grace that kept you ſo.]

9. Proclaim his wonders from the ſkies,
Let ev'ry diſtant nation hear,
And while you ſound his lofty praiſe
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

## XXVIII. *Death and eternity.*

STOOP down my thoughts that uſe to riſe,
Converſe a while with death,
Think how a gaſping mortal lies
And pants away his breath.

His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,
ılſes faint and few,
ſpeechleſs with a doleful groan
ls the world adieu.
But oh! the ſoul that never dies!
ce it leaves the clay!
oughts purſue it where it flies,
rack its wondrous way.
Up to the courts where angels dwell,
ants triumphant there,
vils plunge it down to hell
nite deſpair.
And muſt my body faint and die?
nuſt this ſoul remove?
r ſome guardian angel nigh
ar it ſafe above!
Jeſus! to thy dear faithful hand
aked ſoul I truſt,
ny fleſh waits for thy command
op into my duſt.

2. Bleſs'd be the Lamb my deareſt Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming ſword
In his own vital flood.

3. The Lamb that freed my captive ſoul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And ſent the lion down to howl
Where hell and horrour reigns.

4. All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceaſing praiſe,
While angels live to know his name,
Or ſaints to feel his grace.

## XXX. *Heavenly joy on earth.*

[COME we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
And thus ſurround the throne.

2. The ſorrows of the mind
Be baniſh'd from the place!
Religion never was deſign'd
To make our pleaſures leſs.]

3. Let thoſe refuſe to ſing
That never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May ſpeak their joys abroad.

[4. The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he pleaſe,
That rides upon the ſtormy ſky,
And manages the ſeas,]

5. This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love,
He ſhall ſend down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

6. There ſhall we ſee his face,
And never never ſin,
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endleſs pleaſures in.

7. Yes, and before we riſe
To that immortal ſtate
The thoughts of ſuch amazing bliſs
Should conſtant joys create.

[8. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celeſtial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.]

[9. The hill of Sion yields

XXXI. *Chriſt's preſence makes death eaſy.*

WHY ſhould we ſtart and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endleſs joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2. The pains, the groans, and dying ſtrife,
Fright our approaching ſouls away,
Still we ſhrink back again to life,
Fond of our priſon and our clay.

3. Oh! if my Lord would come and meet
My ſoul! ſhe 'd ſtretch her wings in haſte,
Fly fearleſs thro' Death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrours as ſhe paſt.

4. Jeſus can make a dying bed
Feel ſoft as downy pillows are,
While on his breaſt I lean my head,
And breathe my life out ſweetly there.

XXXII. *Frailty and folly.*

HOW ſhort and haſty is our life!
How vaſt our ſouls' affairs!
Yet ſenſeleſs mortals vainly ſtrive
To laviſh out their years.

2. Our days run thoughtleſsly along
Without a moment's ſtay;
Juſt like a ſtory or a ſong
We paſs our lives away.

3. God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedleſs on,
And ever haſt'ning to the tomb
Stoop downwards as we run.

4. How we deſerve the deepeſt hell
That ſlight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance ſhould we feel
That break ſuch cords of love!

5. Draw us O God with ſov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And ſee ſalvation nigh.

## XXXIII. *The bleſſed ſociety in heaven.*

RAISE thee my ſoul, fly up and run
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly ſtreet,
And ſay there 's nought below the ſun
That 's worthy of thy feet.

2. Thus will we mount on ſacred wings

4. Bright like a ſun the Saviour ſits
And ſpreads eternal noon;
No ev'nings there nor gloomy nights
To want the feeble moon.

5. Amidſt thoſe ever-ſhining ſkies
Behold the ſacred Dove,
While baniſh'd ſin and ſorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

6. The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne,
And ſaints and ſeraphs ſing and praiſe
The infinite Three-One.

7. [But O what beams of heav'nly grace
Tranſport them all the while!
Ten thouſand ſmiles from Jeſus' face,
And love in ev'ry ſmile!]

8. Jeſus! and when ſhall that dear day,
That joyful hour, appear
When I ſhall leave this houſe of clay
To dwell amongſt 'em there?

XXXIV. *Breathing after the holy Spirit*, or, *Fervency of devotion deſired.*

Come holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of ſacred love
In theſe cold hearts of ours.

2. Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of theſe trifling toys;
Our ſouls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys. 8

3. In vain we tune our formal ſongs,
In vain we ſtrive to riſe,
Hoſannas languiſh on our tongues,
And our devotion dies. 12

4. Dear Lord! and ſhall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love ſo faint, ſo cold, to thee,
And thine to us ſo great? 16

5. Come holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come ſhed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that ſhall kindle ours. 20

## XXXV. *Praiſe to God for creation and redemption.*

1. Let them neglect thy glory Lord

3. 'Twas he (and we 'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word,
'Tis he reſtores our ruin'd frame:
Salvation to the Lord!
4. Hoſanna! let the earth and ſkies
Repeat the joyful ſound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

## XXXVI. *Chriſt's interceſſion.*

Well, the Redeemer 's gone
T' appear before our God,
To ſprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.
2. No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath, comes down;
If juſtice calls for ſinners' blood
The Saviour ſhows his own.
3. Before his Father's eye
Our humble ſuit he moves,
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and ſmiles, and loves.
4. Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honours ſing;
Jeſus the Prieſt receives our ſongs
And bears them to the King.

[5. We bow before his face
And ſound his glories high,
" Hoſanna to the God of grace
" That lays his thunder by.]
6. " On earth thy mercy reigns
" And triumphs all above;"
But Lord how weak our mortal ſtrains
To ſpeak immortal love!
7. How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we ſing!
Sweet Saviour! tune our ſongs anew
And they ſhall pleaſe the King.

## XXXVII. *The ſame.*

LIFT up your eyes to th' heav'nly ſeat
Where your Redeemer ſtays:
Kind Interceſſor! there he ſits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

[4. Let Papists trust what names they please,
Their saints and angels boast,
We 'ave no such advocates as these,
Nor pray to th' heav'nly host.]

5. Jesus alone shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne;
He (dearest Lord) perfumes my sighs
And sweetens ev'ry groan.

[6. Ten thousand praises to the King,
Hosanna in the highest;
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God and to his Christ.]

## XXXVIII. *Love to God.*

Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2. Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign
If love be absent there.

3. 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4. This is the grace that lives and ſings
When faith and hope ſhall ceaſe,
'Tis this ſhall ſtrike our joyful ſtrings
In the ſweet realms of bliſs.

5. Before we quite forſake our clay
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To ſee our ſmiling God.

## XXXIX. *The ſhortneſs and miſery of life.*

Our days alas! our mortal days,
Are ſhort and wretched too;
"Evil and few" † the patriarch ſays,
And well the patriarch knew.

2. 'Tis but at beſt a narrow bound
That Heav'n allows to men,
And pains and ſins run thro' the round
Of threeſcore years and ten.

3. Well, if ye muſt be ſad and few,

XL. *Our comfort in the covenant made with Chriſt.*

OUR God! how firm his promiſe ſtands
Ev'n when he hides his face!
He truſts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace. 4

2. Then why my ſoul theſe ſad complaints
Since Chriſt and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his ſaints,
Is faithful to his Son. 8

3. Beneath his ſmiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heav'n poſſeſt;
I praiſe his name for grace receiv'd,
And truſt him for the reſt. 12

XLI. *A ſight of God mortifies us to the world.*

UP to the fields where angels lie
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But ſin hangs heavy on my ſoul. 4

2. Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Chriſt!
Can make this load of guilt remove,
And thou canſt bear me where thou fly'ſt
On thy kind wings celeſtial Dove! 8

3. O might I once mount up and ſee
The glories of th' eternal ſkies,
What little things theſe worlds would be!
How deſpicable to my eyes!
4. Had I a glance of thee my God
Kingdoms and men would vaniſh ſoon,
Vaniſh as tho' I ſaw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.
5. Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
Should perceive the noiſe no more
Than we can hear a ſhaking leaf
While rattling thunders round us roar.
6. Great All in All, Eternal King!
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my pow'rs ſhall bow and ſing
Thine endleſs grandeur and thy grace.

## XLII. *Delight in God.*

My God! what endleſs pleaſures dwell

3. And we when in thy presence Lord,
We shout with joyful tongues,
Or sitting round our Father's board
We crown the feast with songs.
4. While Jesus shines with quick'ning grace
We sing and mount on high,
But if a frown beclouds his face
We faint, and tire, and die.
[5. Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widow'd state,
Wand'ring she flies thro' all the grove
And mourns her loving mate;
6. Just so our thoughts from thing to thing
In restless circles rove,
Just so we droop and hang the wing
When Jesus hides his love.]

XLIII. *Christ's sufferings and glory.*

Now for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake my voice in heav'nly lays,
Tell loud the wonders he hath done.
2. Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above,
How swift and joyful was his flight
On wings of everlasting love.

2. Still might he fill his ſtarry throne,
And pleaſe his ears with Gabriel's ſongs,
But th' heav'nly Majeſty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.

3. Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love ſo infinite as thine!
Words are but air and tongues but clay,
But thy compaſſion 's all divine.

## XLVI. *God's condeſcenſion to human affairs.*

UP to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlaſting praiſes fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

[2. He that can ſhake the worlds he made
Or with his word or with his rod,
His goodneſs how amazing great!
And what a condeſcending God!]

[3. God that muſt ſtoop to view the ſkies,

5. Our ſorrows and our tears we pour
Into the boſom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.
6. In vain might lofty princes try
Such condeſcenſion to perform,
For worms were never rais'd ſo high
Above their meaneſt fellow-worm.
7. Oh! could our thankful hearts deviſe
A tribute equal to thy grace!
To the third heav'n our ſongs ſhould riſe,
And teach the golden harps thy praiſe.

## XLVII. *Glory and grace in the perſon of Chriſt.*

Now to the Lord a noble ſong,
Awake my ſoul, awake my tongue;
Hoſanna to th' Eternal Name,
And all his boundleſs love proclaim.
2. See where it ſhines in Jeſus' face,
The brighteſt image of his grace;
God in the perſon of his Son
Has all his mightieſt works outdone.
3. The ſpacious earth and ſpreading flood
Proclaim the wiſe and pow'rful God,
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling ſtar.

4. But in his looks a glory ſtands,
The nobleſt labour of thine hands;
The pleaſing luſtre of his eyes
Outſhines the wonders of the ſkies.
5. Grace! 't is a ſweet a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jeſus' name!
Ye angels dwell upon the ſound;
Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground.
6. Oh! may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And ſing his name to harps of gold.

## XLVIII. *Love to the creatures is dangerous.*

How vain are all things here below!
How falſe and yet how fair!
Each pleaſure hath its poiſon too,
And ev'ry ſweet a ſnare.
2. The brighteſt things below the ſky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We ſhould ſuſpect ſome danger nigh
Where we poſſeſs delight.
3. Our deareſt joys and neareſt friends,

4. The fondneſs of a creature's love
How ſtrong it ſtrikes the ſenſe!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call 'em thence.

5. Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My ſoul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

## XLIX. *Moſes dying in the embraces of God.*

DEATH cannot make our ſouls afraid
If God be with us there,
We may walk thro' her darkeſt ſhade
And never yield to fear.

2. I could renounce my all below
If my Creator bid,
And run if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moſes did.

3. Might I but climb to Piſgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My fleſh itſelf ſhould long to drop
And pray for the command.

4. Claſp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms
I would forget my breath,
And loſe my life among the charms
Of ſo divine a death.

L. *Comforts under ſorrows and pains.*

Now let the Lord my Saviour ſmile,
And ſhow my name upon his heart,
I would forget my pains a while,
And in the pleaſure loſe the ſmart.

2. But oh! it ſwells my ſorrows high
To ſee my bleſſed Jeſus frown,
My ſpirits ſink, my comforts die,
And all the ſprings of life are down.

3. Yet why my ſoul! why theſe complaints?
Still while he frowns his bowels move,
Still on his heart he bears his ſaints,
And feels their ſorrows and his love.

4. My name is printed on his breaſt,
His book of life contains my name,
I'd rather have it there impreſt
Than in the bright records of fame.

5. When the laſt fire burns all things here
Thoſe letters ſhall ſecurely ſtand,

LI. *God the Son equal with the Father.*

BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our ſpirits bow before thy ſeat,
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worſhip at thine awful feet.

[2. Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wiſdom ſways
All nature with a ſov'reign word,
And the bright world of ſtars obeys
The will of their ſuperiour Lord.]

[3. Mercy and truth unite in one;
And ſmiling ſit at thy right hand,
Eternal juſtice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]

4. A thouſand ſeraphs ſtrong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who amongſt the ſons of light
Pretends compariſon with thee?

5. Yet there is one of human frame,
Jeſus! array'd in fleſh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

6. Their glory ſhines with equal beams,
Their eſſence is for ever one,
Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

7. Then let the name of Chriſt our King
With equal honours be ador'd,
His praiſe let ev'ry angel ſing,
*And all the nations* own the Lord.

## LII. *Death dreadful or delightful.*

DEATH! 't is a melancholy day
To thoſe that have no God,
When the poor ſoul is forc'd away
To ſeek her laſt abode.

2. In vain to heav'n ſhe lifts her eyes,
But guilt a heavy chain
Still drags her downward from the ſkies
To darkneſs, fire, and pain.

3. Awake and mourn ye heirs of hell,
Let ſtubborn ſinners fear,
You muſt be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long for ever there.

4. See how the pit gapes wide for you
And flaſhes in your face;
And thou my ſoul! look downwards too
And ſing recov'ring grace.

5. He is a God of ſov'reign love

LIII. *The pilgrimage of the ſaints*, or, *Earth and heaven.*

Lord! what a wretched land is this
That yields us no ſupply,
No cheering fruits, no wholeſome trees,
Nor ſtreams of living joy!

2. But pricking thorns thro' all the ground
And mortal poiſons grow,
And all the rivers that are found
With dang'rous waters flow.

3. Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies thro' this horrid land,
Lord! we would keep the heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

[4. Our ſouls ſhall tread the deſert thro'
With undiverted feet,
And faith and flaming zeal ſubdue
The terrours that we meet.]

[5. A thouſand ſavage beaſts of prey
Around the foreſt roam,
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the ſtrangers home.]

[6. Long nights and darkneſs dwell below
With ſcarce a twinkling ray,
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlaſting day.]

[7. By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears
We trace the ſacred road;
Thro' diſmal deeps and dang'rous ſnares
*We make our way to* God.]

ur journey is a thorny maze,
: march upward ſtill,
theſe troubles of the ways,
ach at Sion's hill.
ee the kind angels at the gates
g us to come!
Jeſus the forerunner waits
lcome trav'llers home.]
There on a green and flow'ry mount
eary ſouls ſhall ſit,
ith tranſporting joys recount
bours of our feet.
No vain diſcourſe ſhall fill our tongue,
iſles vex our ear,
e grace ſhall fill our ſong,
od rejoice to hear.]
Eternal glories to the King
rought us ſafely thro'
ngues ſhall never ceaſe to ſing,
ndleſs praiſe renew.

LIV. *God's preſence is light in darkneſs.*

od the ſpring of all my joys.

2. In darkeſt ſhades if he appear
My dawning is begun,
He is my ſoul's ſweet morning-ſtar,
And he my riſing ſun.

3. The op'ning heav'ns around me ſhine
With beams of ſacred bliſs,
While Jeſus ſhews his heart is mine,
And whiſpers "I am his."

4. My ſoul would leave this heavy clay
At that tranſporting word,
Run up with joy the ſhining way
T' embrace my deareſt Lord.

5. Fearleſs of hell and ghaſtly death
I 'd break thro' ev'ry foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conq'ror thro'.

## LV. *Frail life and ſucceeding eternity.*

THEE we adore Eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

[2. Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill
As months and days increaſe,
And ev'ry beating pulſe we tell
Leaves but the number leſs.

3. The year rolls round, and ſteals away,
The breath that firſt it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We 're trav'lling to the grave.]

4. Dangers ſtand thick thro' all the ground
To puſh us to the tomb,
And fierce diſeaſes wait around
To hurry mortals home.

5. Good God! on what a ſlender thread
Hang everlaſting things!
Th' eternal ſtates of all the dead
Upon life's feeble ſtrings.

6. Infinite joy or endleſs wo
Attends on ev'ry breath,
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

7. Waken O Lord our drowſy ſenſe
To walk this dang'rous road,
And if our ſouls are hurry'd hence
May they be found with God.

XVI. *The miſery of being without God in this world, or, Vain proſperity.*

[illegible]

3. They taſte of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod;
Well they may ſearch the creature thro',
For they have ne'er a God.

3. Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes haſt'ning on to you
To mow your glory down.

4. Yes, you muſt bow your ſtately head,
Away your ſpirit flies,
And no kind angel near your bed
To bear it to the ſkies.

5. Go now and boaſt of all your ſtores
And tell how bright you ſhine,
Your heaps of glitt'ring duſt are yours,
And my Redeemer 's mine.

## LVII. *The pleaſures of a good conſcience.*

Lord! how ſecure and bleſs'd are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd ſin!
Should ſtorms of wrath ſhake earth and ſea
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

2. The day glides ſwiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love,
And ſoft and ſilent as the ſhades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

[3. Quick as their thoughts their joys com
But fly not half ſo ſwift away,
Their ſouls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as ſummer ev'nings be.

4. How oft' they look to th' heav'nly hills
Where groves of living pleaſure grow,
And longing hopes and cheerful ſmiles
Sit undiſturb'd upon their brow!]

5. They ſcorn to ſeek out golden toys,
But ſpend the day and ſhare the night
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That Heav'n prepares for their delight.

6. While wretched we like worms and mol
Lie grov'ling in the duſt below,
Almighty grace renew our ſouls,
And we 'll aſpire to glory too.

LVIII. *The ſhortneſs of life and the goodneſs of*

TIME! what an empty vapour 't is,
And days how ſwift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a ſhooting ſtar.

[3. Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.]

4. Yet mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy laſting favours ſhare,
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'ſt the rolling year.

5. 'Tis ſov'reign mercy ſinds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love,
While grace ſtands pointing out the road
That leads our ſouls above.

6. His goodneſs runs an endleſs round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name ador'd!

7. Thus we begin the laſting ſong,
And when we cloſe our eyes
Let the next age thy praiſe prolong
Till time and nature dies.

## LIX. *Paradiſe on earth.*

GLORY to God that walks the ſky
And ſends his bleſſings thro',
That tells his ſaints of joys on high
And gives a taſte below.

[2. Glory to God that ſtoops his throne
That duſt and worms may ſee 't,
And brings a glimpſe of glory down
Around his ſacred feet.

3. When Chriſt with all his graces crown'd
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

4. A blooming paradiſe of joy
In this wild deſert ſprings,
And ev'ry ſenſe I ſtraight employ
On ſweet celeſtial things.

5. White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory ſhows;
The roſe of Sharon bloſſoms here,
The faireſt flow'r that blows.

6. Cheerful I feaſt on heav'nly fruit,
And drink the pleaſures down,
Pleaſures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.]

7. But ah! how ſoon my joys decay,
How ſoon my ſins ariſe,
And ſnatch the heav'nly ſcene away

9. Up to the fields above the ſkies
My haſty feet would go,
There everlaſting flow'rs ariſe
And joys unwith'ring grow. 36

LX. *The truth of God the promiſer*, or, *The promiſes are our ſecurity.*

PRAISE, everlaſting praiſe, be paid
To him that earth's foundation laid,
Praiſe to the God whoſe ſtrong decrees
Sway the creation as he pleaſe. 4
2. Praiſe to the goodneſs of the Lord
Who rules his people by his word,
And there as ſtrong as his decrees
He ſets his kindeſt promiſes. 8
[3. Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God
Who ſpoke and ſpread the ſkies abroad. 12
Each of them pow'rful as that hand
That bid the new-made heav'ns go round,
And ſtronger than the ſolid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.] 16
5. Whence then ſhould doubts and fears ariſe?
Why trickling ſorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives. 20

6. O for a ſtrong a laſting faith
To credit what th' Almighty ſaith!
T' embrace the meſſage of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own.

7. Then ſhould the earth's old pillars ſhake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our ſteady ſouls ſhould fear no more
Than ſolid rocks when billows roar.

8. Our everlaſting hopes ariſe
Above the ruinable ſkies
Where the Eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his pow'r ſuſtains.

## LXI. *A thought of death and glory.*

My ſoul! come meditate the day,
And think how near it ſtands,
When thou muſt quit this houſe of clay,
To unknown lands.

... down and view

4. Then ſhould we ſee the ſaints ab ve
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our ſouls ſhould love
To dwell with mortal worms:

[5. How we ſhould ſcorn theſe clothes of fleſh,
Theſe fetters and this load,
And long for ev'ning to undreſs
That we may reſt wit

6. We ſhould almoſ
Before the ſummons come
And pray and wiſh
To their eternal hor

LXII. *God the Thund nt and hell*.*

SING to the Lord ye heav'nly hoſts,
And thou O earth adore,
Let death and hell thro' all their coaſts
Stand trembling at his pow'r.

2. His ſounding chariot ſhakes the ſky,
He makes the clouds his throne,
There all his ſtores of lightning lie
Till vengeance darts them down.

3. His noſtrils breathe out fiery ſtreams,
And from his awful tongue
A ſov'reign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along.

* Made in a great ſudden ſtorm of thunder, Aug. 20. 1697.

4. Think O my ſoul the dreadful day
When this incenſed God
Shall rend the ſky and burn the ſea,
And ſling his wrath abroad!
5. What ſhall the wretch the ſinner do?
He once defy'd the Lord,
But he ſhall dread the Thund'rer now,
And ſink beneath his word.
6. Tempeſts of angry fire ſhall roll
To blaſt the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked ſoul
In one eternal ſtorm.

## LXIII. *A funeral thought.*

HARK, from the tombs a doleful ſound!
My ears attend the cry,
"Ye living men come view the ground
"Where you muſt ſhortly lie.
2. "Princes, this clay muſt be your bed
"In ſpite of all your tow'rs;
"The tall, the wiſe, the rev'rend, head
"Muſt lie as low as ours."
3. Great God! is this our certain doom?

4. Grant us the pow'rs of quick
To fit our ſouls to fly,
Then when we drop this dying fleſ
We 'll riſe above the ſky.

## LXIV. *God the glory and the defe*

HAPPY the church, thou ſacred place
The ſeat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God!

2. Thy walls are ſtrength, and at thy
A guard of heav'nly warriours waits,
Nor ſhall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counſels and his love.

3. Thy foes in vain deſigns engage,
Againſt his throne in vain they rage,
Like riſing waves with angry roar
That daſh and die upon the ſhore.

4. Then let our ſouls in Sion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell:
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5. God is our ſhield and God our ſun:
Swift as the fleeting moments run
On us he ſheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brighteſt praiſe

LXV. *The hopes of heaven our support under trials on earth*

When I can read my title clear
To manſions in the ſkies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2. Should earth againſt my ſoul engage
And helliſh darts be hurl'd,
Then I can ſmile at Satan's rage
And face a frowning world.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And ſtorms of ſorrow fall,
May I but ſafely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all:

4. There ſhall I bathe my weary ſoul
In ſeas of heav'nly reſt,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Acroſs my peaceful breaſt.

LXVI. *A proſpect of heaven makes death eaſy.*

There is a land of pure delight
Where ſaints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleaſures baniſh pain.

2. There everlaſting ſpring abides

[3. Sweet fields beyond the ſwelling flood
Stand dreſs'd in living green,
So to the Jews old Canaan ſtood
While Jordan roll'd between.
4. But tim'rous mortals ſtart and ſhrink
To croſs this narrow ſea,
And linger ſhiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to lanch away.]
5. Oh! could we make our doubts remove
Thoſe gloomy doubts that riſe,
And ſee the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;
6. Could we but climb where Moſes ſtood,
And view the landſcape o'er,
Not Jordan's ſtream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the ſhore.

## LXVII. *God's eternal dominion.*

GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthleſs worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praiſe to thee.
2. Thy throne eternal ages ſtood
Ere ſeas or ſtars were made;
Thou art the everliving God
Were all the nations dead.

3. Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immenſe ſurvey,
From the formation of the ſky
To the great burning day.

4. Eternity with all its years
Stands preſent in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God! there's nothing new.

5. Our lives thro' various ſcenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on,
Thine undiſturb'd affairs.

6. Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthleſs worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praiſe to thee.

## LXVIII. *The humble worſhip of heaven.*

3. I 'd part with all the joys of ſenſe
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleaſure ſprings freſh for ever thence,
Unſpeakable, unknown.

4. There all the heav'nly hoſts are ſeen,
In ſhining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in
With wonder and with love.

5. Then at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall,
With joy they ſhrink to nothing there
Before th' Eternal All.

6. There I would vie with all the hoſt
In duty and in bliſs,
While leſs than nothing I could boaſt,
And vanity confeſs *.

7. The more thy glories ſtrike mine eyes
The humbler I ſhall lie;
Thus while I ſink my joy ſhall riſe
Unmeaſurably high.

## LXIX. *The faithfulneſs of God in the promiſes.*

[Begin my tongue ſome heav'nly theme,
And ſpeak ſome boundleſs thing,
The mighty works or mightier name
Of our Eternal King.

* Iſa. xl. 17.

2. Tell of his wondrous faithfulneſs,
And ſound his pow'r abroad,
Sing the ſweet promiſe of his grace,
And the performing God. 8

3. Proclaim "ſalvation from the Lord
"For wretched dying men;"
His hand has writ the ſacred word
With an immortal pen. 12

4. Engrav'd as in eternal braſs
The mighty promiſe ſhines,
Nor can the pow'rs of darkneſs raze
Thoſe everlaſting lines.] 16

[5. He that can daſh whole worlds to death
And make them when he pleaſe,
He ſpeaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfils his great decrees. 20

6. His very word of grace is ſtrong
As that which built the ſkies:
The voice that rolls the ſtars along
Speaks all the promiſes. 24

9. How would my leaping heart rejoice
And think my heav'n ſecure!
I truſt the accents of thy voice,
And faith defies no more.] 36

## LXX. *God's dominion over the ſea;* Pſal. cvii. 23, &c.

GOD of the ſeas, thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice!
And one ſoft word of thy command
Can ſink them ſleet in the ſand. 4

2. If but a Moſes wave thy rod
The ſea divides and owns its God,
The ſtormy floods their Maker know
And let his choſen armies thro'. 8

3. The ſcaly flocks amidſt the ſea
To thee their Lord a tribute pay;
The meaneſt fiſh that ſwims the flood
Leaps up and means a praiſe to God. 12

[4. The larger monſters of the deep
On thy commands attendance keep,
By thy permiſſion ſport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way. 16

5. If God his voice of tempeſt rears
Leviathan lies ſtill and fears,
Anon he lifts his noſtrils high,
And ſpouts the ocean to the ſky.] 20

6. How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd
Amidſt theſe wat'ry nations Lord!
Yet the bold men that trace the ſeas,
Bold men, refuſe their Maker's praiſe.

[7. What ſcenes of miracles they ſee
And never tune a ſong to thee!
While on the flood they ſafely ride
They curſe the hand that ſmooths the tide.

8. Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And ſome drink death among the waves,
Yet the ſurviving crew blaſpheme,
Nor own the God that reſcu'd them.]

9. Oh for ſome ſignal of thine hand!
Shake all the ſeas Lord, ſhake the land:
Great Judge deſcend, leſt men deny
That there's a God that rules the ſky †.

## LXXI. *Praiſe to God from all creatures.*

THE glories of my Maker God
My joyful voice ſhall ſing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2. 'Twas his right hand that ſhap'd our clay
And wrought this human frame,
But from his own immediate breath

3. We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worſhip with our tongues,
We claim ſome kindred with the ſkies,
And join th' angelick ſongs.

4. Let grov'ling beaſts of ev'ry ſhape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and ſeas,
Their various tribute bring.

5. Ye planets to his honour ſhine,
And wheels of nature roll,
Praiſe him in your unweary'd courſe
Around the ſteady pole.

6. The brightneſs of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

## LXXII. *The Lord's-day*, or, *The reſurrection of Chriſt.*

Blest morning! whoſe young dawning rays
Beheld our riſing God,
That ſaw him triumph o'er the duſt
And leave his dark abode,

2. In the cold priſon of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving ſkies had brought
The third th' appointed day,

Hell and the grave unite their force
ld our God in vain,
leeping Conqueror arofe
urſt their feeble chain.
To thy great name Almighty Lord!
ſacred hours we pay,
oud hoſannas ſhall proclaim
riumph of the day.
Salvation and immortal praiſe
r victorious King;
eav'n, and earth, and rocks, and ſeas,
glad hoſannas ring.]

XIII. *Doubts ſcattered, or, Spiritual joy reſtored.*

ce from my ſoul ſad thoughts be gone
eave me to my joys,
ngue ſhall triumph in my God
nake a joyful noiſe.
Darkneſs and doubts had veil'd my mind
lrown'd my head in tears,
ov'reign grace with ſhining rays
ll'd my gloomy fears.

4. In vain the tempter frights my ſoul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpſe dear Saviour of thy face
Revives my joys again. 16

LXXIV. *Repentance from a ſenſe of divine goodneſs*, or, *A complaint of ingratitude.*

Is this the kind return,
And theſe the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuſe eternal love
Whence all our bleſſings flow! 4

2. To what a ſtubborn frame
Has ſin reduc'd our mind!
What ſtrange rebellious wretches we,
And God as ſtrangely kind! 8

[3. On us he bids the ſun
Shed his reviving rays,
For us the ſkies their circles run
To lengthen out our days. 12

4. The brutes obey their God
And bow their necks to men,
But we more baſe more brutiſh things
Reject his eaſy reign.] 16

5. Turn, turn us mighty God!
And mould our ſouls afreſh;
Break, Sov'reign Grace, theſe hearts of ſtone
And give us hearts of fleſh. 20

6. Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly as new mercies fall
Let hourly thanks arise. 24

LXXV. *Spiritual and eternal joy, or, The beatifick ſight of Chriſt.*

FROM thee my God my joys ſhall riſe
And run eternal rounds
Beyond the limits of the ſkies
And all created bounds. 4

2. The holy triumphs of my ſoul
Shall death itſelf outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind
And fly beyond the grave. 8

3. There where my bleſſed Jeſus reigns,
In heav'n's unmeaſur'd ſpace,
I'll ſpend a long eternity
In pleaſure and in praiſe. 12

4. Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endleſs ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love. 16

5. Sweet Jeſus! ev'ry ſmile of thine

6. Haſte my Beloved! fetch my ſoul
Up to thy bleſt abode,
Fly, for my ſpirit longs to ſee
My Saviour and my God. 24

## LXXVI. *The reſurrection and aſcenſion of Chriſt.*

HOSANNA to the Prince of light
That cloth'd himſelf in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death
And tore the bars away. 4

2. Death is no more the king of dread
Since our Emanuel roſe;
He took the tyrant's ſting away
And ſpoil'd our hellish foes. 8

3. See how the Conq'ror mounts aloft
And to his Father flies,
With ſcars of honour in his fleſh
And triumph in his eyes. 12

4. There our exalted Saviour reigns
And ſcatters bleſſings down,
Our Jeſus fills the middle ſeat
Of the celeſtial throne. 16

[5. Raiſe your devotion mortal tongues
To reach his bleſt abode;
Sweet be the accents of your ſongs
To our incarnate God. 20

6. Bright angels ſtrike your loudeſt ſtrings
Your ſweeteſt voices raiſe,
Let heav'n and all created things
Sound our Emanuel's praiſe.]

## LXXVII. *The Chriſtian warfare.*

STAND up my ſoul, ſhake off thy fears,
And gird the goſpel armour on,
March to the gates of endleſs joy
Where thy great Captain Saviour 's gone.

2. Hell and thy ſins reſiſt thy courſe,
But hell and ſin are vanquiſh'd foes,
Thy Jeſus nail'd them to the croſs,
And ſung the triumph when he roſe.]

[3. What tho' the prince of darkneſs rage
And waſte the fury of his ſpite?
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endleſs night.

4. What tho' thine inward luſts rebel?
'Tis but a ſtruggling gaſp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall ſlay thy ſins and end the ſtrife.]

5. Then let my ſoul march boldly on

6. There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise. 24

## LXXVII. *Redemption by Christ.*

When the first parents of our race
Rebell'd and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood, 4

2. Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the Eternal Son,
Descending from the heav'nly court
He left his Father's throne. 8

3. Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapt his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferiour clay. 12

4. His living pow'r and dying love
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again. 16

5. To thee dear Lord our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign:
Bless'd Jesus! take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine. 20

4. Yet everlaſting God!
We love to ſpeak thy praiſe,
Thy ſceptre 's equal to thy rod,
The ſceptre of thy grace.
5. The arms of mighty love
Defend our Sion well,
And heav'nly mercy walls us round
From Babylon and hell.
6. Salvation to the King
That ſits enthron'd above!
Thus we adore the God of might
And bleſs the God of love.

## LXXXI. *Our ſin the cauſe of Chriſt's death.*

And now the ſcales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to ſee:
Oh the curs'd deeds my ſins have done!

4. Forgive my guilt, O Prince of peace!
I 'll wound my God no more:
Hence from my heart ye ſins be gone,
For Jeſus I adore. 16

5. Furniſh me Lord with heav'nly arms
From grace's magazine,
And I 'll proclaim eternal war
With ev'ry darling ſin. 20

LXXXII. *Redemption and protection from ſpiritual enemies.*

ARISE my ſoul, my joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in thy God,
Awake my voice and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad. 4

2. He rais'd me from the deeps of ſin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my ſtanding more ſecure
Than 't was before I fell. 8

3. The arms of everlaſting Love
Beneath my ſoul he plac'd,
And on the Rock of ages ſet
My ſlipp'ry footſteps faſt. 12

4. The city of my bleſs'd abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark ſtands
To ſhield the ſacred place. 16

... tunes of pleaſures ſing,
Loud hallelujahs ſhall addreſs
My Saviour and my King.

## LXXXIII. *The paſſion and exalt*

Thus ſaith the Ruler of the ſkies
"Awake my dreadful ſword,
"Awake my wrath and ſmite the M
"My Fellow," ſaith the Lord.

2. Vengeance receiv'd the dread cc
And armed down ſhe flies,
Jeſus ſubmits t' his Father's hand,
And bows his head and dies.

3. But oh! the wiſdom and the gra
That join'd with vengeance now!
He dies to ſave our guilty race,
And yet he ſi...

5. Live, glorious Lord! and reign on high,
Let ev'ry nation ſing,
And angels ſound with endleſs joy
The Saviour and the King.

## LXXXIV. *The ſame.*

COME all harmonious tongues
Your nobleſt muſick bring,
'Tis Chriſt the everlaſting God
And Chriſt the Man we ſing.

2. Tell how he took our fleſh
To take away our guilt,
Sing the dear drops of ſacred blood
That helliſh monſters ſpilt.

[3. Alas! the cruel ſpear
Went deep into his ſide,
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.]

[4. The waves of ſwelling grief
Did o'er his boſom roll,
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his ſoul.]

5. Down to the ſhades of death
He bow'd his awful head,
Yet he aroſe to live and reign
When death itſelf is dead.

6. No more the bloody ſpear,
The croſs and nails no more,
For hell itſelf ſhakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

7. There the Redeemer ſits
High on the Father's throne;
The Father lays his vengeance by
And ſmiles upon his Son.

8. There his full glories ſhine
With uncreated rays,
And bleſs his ſaints' and angels' eyes
To everlaſting days.

## LXXXV. *Sufficiency of pardon.*

Why does your face ye humble ſouls
Thoſe mournful colours wear?

4. See here an endleſs ocean flows
Of never-failing grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The ſacred flood increaſe:

5. It riſes high and drowns the hills,
It has neither ſhore nor bound;
Now if we ſearch to find our ſins
Our ſins can ne'er be found.

6. Awake our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood that ſwells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

## LXXXVI. *Freedom from ſin and miſery in heaven.*

Our ſins alas! how ſtrong they be?
And like a violent ſea
They break our duty Lord to thee,
And hurry us away.

2. The waves of trouble how they riſe!
How loud the tempeſts roar!
But death ſhall land our weary ſouls
Safe on the heav'nly ſhore.

3. There to fulfil his ſweet commands
Our ſpeedy feet ſhall move;
No ſin ſhall clog our winged zeal
Or cool our burning love.

4. There ſhall we ſit, and ſing, and tell
The wonders of his grace,
Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts
And ſmile in ev'ry face. 16

5. For ever his dear ſacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jeſus and ſalvation be
The cloſe of ev'ry ſong. 20

## LXXXVII. *The divine glories above our reaſon.*

How wondrous great, how glorious bright,
Muſt our Creator be
Who dwells amidſt the dazzling light
Of vaſt infinity! 4

2. Our ſoaring ſpirits upwards riſe
To view the celeſtial throne:
Fain would we ſee the bleſſed Three
And the almighty One. 8

3. Our reaſon ſtretches all its wings

5. Thy glories infinitely riſe
Above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the higheſt ſeraph tries
To form an equal ſong.

[6. In humble notes our faith adores
The great myſterious King,
While angels ſtrain their nobler pow'rs
And ſweep th' immortal ſtring.]

## LXXXVIII. *Salvation.*

Salvation! O the joyful ſound!
'Tis pleaſure to our ears,
A ſov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2. Bury'd in ſorrow and in ſin
At hell's dark door we lay,
But we ariſe by grace divine
To ſee a heav'nly day.

3. Salvation! Let the echo fly
The ſpacious earth around,
While all the armies of the ſky
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound.

## LXXXIX. *Chriſt's victory over Satan.*

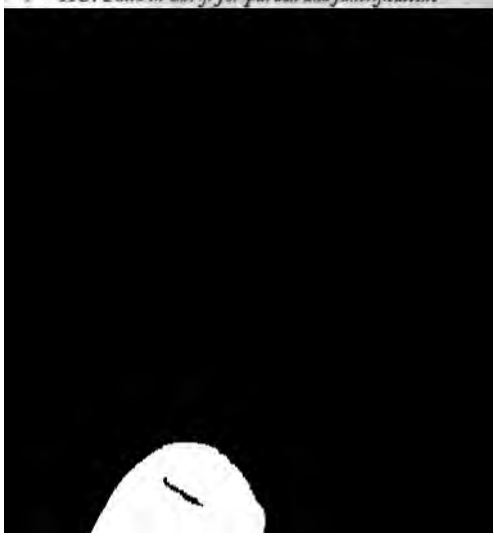
Hosanna to our conq'ring King!
The prince of darkneſs flies,
His troops ruſh headlong down to hell
Like lightning from the ſkies:

2. There bound in chains the lions roar,
And fright the reſcu'd ſheep,
But heavy bars confine their pow'r
And malice to the deep.

3. Hoſanna to our conq'ring King!
All hail incarnate Love!
Ten thouſand ſongs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

4. Thy vict'ries and thy deathleſs fame
Thro' the wide world ſhall run,
And everlaſting ages ſing
The triumphs thou haſt won.

XC. *Faith in Chriſt for pardon and ſanctification.*



[4. To the dear fountain of thy blood
Incarnate God I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.
5. Stretch out thine arm victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue,
Drive the old Dragon from his seat
With all his hellish crew.]
6. A guilty, weak, and helpless, worm
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

## XCI. *The glory of Christ in heaven.*

O! the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!
2. Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.
[3. Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down,
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs, rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

4. Archangels ſound his lofty praiſe
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly ſtreet,
And lay their higheſt honours down
Submiſſive at his feet.]

5. Thoſe ſoft thoſe bleſſed feet of his
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they ſtand,
And all the ſaints adore.

6. His head, the dear majeſtick head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories ſhine
And circle it around!

7. This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we unſeen adore,
But when our eyes behold his face
Our hearts ſhall love him more.

[8. Lord! how our ſouls are all on fire
To ſee thy bleſs'd abode;
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praiſe
To our incarnate God!]

## XCII. *The church ſaved and her enemies diſappointed.*

Compoſed the 5th of November 1694.

SHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Thro' the whole nation run,
Ye Britiſh ſkies reſound the noiſe
Beyond the riſing ſun.

2. Thee mighty God! our ſouls admire,
Thee our glad voices ſing,
And join with the celeſtial choir
To praiſe th' Eternal King.

3. Thy pow'r the whole creation rules,
And on the ſtarry ſkies
Sits ſmiling at the weak deſigns
Thine envious foes deviſe.

4. Thy ſcorn derides their feeble rage,
And with an awful frown
Flings vaſt confuſion on their plots,
And ſhakes their Babel down.

[5. Their ſecret fires in caverns lay,
And we the ſacrifice,
But gloomy caverns ſtrove in vain
To 'ſcape allſearching eyes.

6. Their dark deſigns were all reveal'd,
Their treaſons all betray'd;
Praiſe to the Lord that broke the ſnare
Their curſed hands had laid.]

7. In vain the busy sons of hell
till new rebellions try,
heir souls shall pine with envious rage,
nd vex away and die. 28
8. Almighty Grace defends our land
rom their malicious pow'r;
et Britain with united songs
lmighty Grace adore. 32

XCIII. *God all and in all*, Psal. lxxiii. 25.

Y God, my life, my love!
o thee, to thee I call;
cannot live if thou remove,
or thou art all in all. 4
2. Thy shining grace can cheer
his dungeon where I dwell;

[5. Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place
If God his reſidence remove
Or but conceal his face.]

6. Nor earth nor all the ſky
Can one delight afford,
No not a drop of real joy,
Without thy preſence Lord.

7. Thou art the ſea of love
Where all my pleaſures roll,
The circle where my paſſions move,
And centre of my ſoul.

[8. To thee my ſpirits fly
With infinite deſire,
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jeſus raiſe me higher.]

## XCIV. *God my only happineſs*, Pſal. lxxiii. 25.

My God! my portion and my love,
My everlaſting All,
I 'ave none but thee in heav'n above
Or on this earthly ball.

[2. What empty things are all the ſkies
And this inferiour clod?
There 's nothing here deſerves my joys,
There 's nothing like my God.]

[3. In vain the bright the burning ſun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy ſweet beams create my noon,
If thou withdraw 't is night.

4. And whilſt upon my reſtleſs bed
Amongſt the ſhades I roll,
If my Redeemer ſhows his head
'Tis morning with my ſoul.]

5. To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and ſafe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6. How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth
If once compar'd to thee!
Or what 's my ſafety or my health,
Or all my friends to me!

7. Were I poſſeſſor of the earth,
And call'd the ſtars my own,
Without thy graces and thyſelf
I were a wretch undone.

2. Oh! the ſharp pangs of ſmarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips and ragged thorns
His ſacred body tore!
3. But knotty whips and ragged thorns
In vain do I accuſe,
In vain I blame the Roman bands
And the more ſpiteful Jews.
4. 'Twere you my ſins, my cruel ſins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the ſpear.
5. 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltleſs head:
Break, break my heart, oh! burſt mine eyes,
And let my ſorrows bleed.
6. Strike mighty Grace my flinty ſoul
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undiſſembled wo.

XCVI. *Diſtinguiſhing love*, or, *Angels puniſhed and man ſaved.*

DOWN headlong from the native ſkies
The rebel angels fell,
And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
Purſu'd them deep to hell.

2. Down from the top of earthly bliſs
Rebellious man was hurl'd,
And Jeſus ſtoop'd beneath the grave
To reach a ſinking world.

3. Oh! love of infinite degrees!
Unmeaſurable grace!
Muſt Heav'n's eternal Darling die
To ſave a trait'rous race!

4. Muſt angels ſink for ever down
And burn in quenchleſs fire,
While God forſakes his ſhining throne
To raiſe us wretches higher!

5. Oh! for this love let earth and ſkies
With hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs ſing.

## XCVII. *The ſame.*

From heav'n the ſinning angels fell

5. To thee our almighty Love,
Our ſouls, our ſelves, our all, we pay;
Millions of tongues ſhall ſound thy praiſe
On the bright hills of heav'nly day. 12

## XCVIII. *Hardneſs of heart complained of.*

My heart how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies!
Heavy and cold within my breaſt,
Juſt like a rock of ice! 4

2. Sin like a raging tyrant ſits
Upon this flinty throne,
And ev'ry grace lies bury'd deep
Beneath this heart of ſtone. 8

3. How ſeldom do I riſe to God,
Or taſte the joys above?
This mountain preſſes down my faith
And chills my flaming love. 12

4. When ſmiling mercy courts my ſoul
With all its heav'nly charms,
This ſtubborn this relentleſs thing
Would thruſt it from my arms. 16

5. Againſt the thunders of thy word
Rebellious I have ſtood;
My heart it ſhakes not at the wrath
And terrours of a God. 20

ear Saviour! ſteep this rock of mine
e own crimſon ſea!
ut a bath of blood divine
elt the flint away.

## XCIX. *The book of God's decrees.*

he whole race of creatures lie
before their God:
er his ſov'reign voice has form'd
erns with a nod.
'en thouſand ages ere the ſkies
nto motion brought,
long years and worlds to come
reſent to his thought.
here 's not a ſparrow or a worm
ound in his decrees;
s monarchs to their throne,
ks them as he pleaſe.]
light attends the courſe I run
provides thoſe rays,
s his hand that hides my ſun
eſs cloud my days.
t I would not be much concern'd,
nly long to ſee

6. When he reveals the book of life,
O may I read my name
Amongſt the choſen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb!

## C. *The preſence of Chriſt is the life of my ſoul.*

How full of anguiſh is the thought,
How it diſtracts and tears my heart,
If God at laſt, my ſov'reign Judge,
Should frown and bid my ſoul depart!

2. Lord! when I quit this earthly ſtage
Where ſhall I fly but to thy breaſt?
For I have ſought no other home,
For I have learn'd no other reſt.

3. I cannot live contented here
Without ſome glimpſes of thy face;
And heav'n without thy preſence there
Will be a dark and tireſome place.

4. When earthly cares engroſs the day
And hold my thoughts aſide from thee,
The ſhining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

5. And if no ev'ning viſit 's paid
Between my Saviour and my ſoul,
How dull the night! how ſad the ſhade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

2. Let worms devour my waſting fleſh,
And crumble all my bones to duſt,
My God ſhall raiſe my frame anew
At the revival of the juſt.

3. Break ſacred morning thro' the ſkies,
Bring that delightful dreadful day,
Cut ſhort the hours dear Lord and come,
Thy ling'ring wheels how long they ſtay!

[4. Our weary ſpirits faint to ſee
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of thoſe lips
Where God has ſhed his richeſt grace.]

[5. Haſte then upon the wings of love,
Rouſe all the pious ſleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And ſing the triumph of the day.]

CIII. *Chriſt's commiſſion*, John iii. 16, 17.

COME happy ſouls approach your God

3. Thy hands dear Jesus were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God;
4. But all was mercy, all was mild;
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came
And brought salvation down.
5. Here sinners you may heal your wounds
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name
And you shall never die.
6. See dearest Lord our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love
And give the Father praise.

## CIV. *The same.*

Raise your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
2. Sing how eternal love
Its chief-beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3. His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terrour clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty fouls
To fiercer flames below.

4. 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath ſtood ſilent by,
When Chriſt was ſent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5. Now ſinners dry your tears,
Let hopeleſs ſorrow ceaſe,
Bow to the ſceptre of his love
And take the offer'd peace.

6. Lord! we obey thy call,
We lay an humble claim

3. Almighty Goodneſs cries "Forbear,"
And ſtraight the thunder ſtays,
And dare we now provoke his wrath
And weary out his grace?

4. Lord! we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our ſin,
Our aking hearts e'en bleed to ſee
What rebels we have been.

5. No more ye luſts ſhall ye command,
No more will we obey,
Stretch out O God thy conq'ring hand
And drive thy foes away.

## CVI. *Repentance at the croſs.*

Oh! if my ſoul was form'd for wo
How would I vent my ſighs!
Repentance ſhould like rivers flow
From both my ſtreaming eyes.

2. 'Twas for my ſins my dearest Lord
Hung on the curſed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee my ſoul, for thee.

3. Oh! how I hate thoſe luſts of mine
That crucify'd my God!
Thoſe ſins that pierc'd and nail'd his fleſh
Faſt to the fatal wood!

4. Yes, my Redeemer! they ſhall die,
My heart has ſo decreed,
Nor will I ſpare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5. Whilſt with a melting broken heart
My murder'd Lord I view,
I 'll raiſe revenge againſt my ſins
And ſlay the murd'rers too.

## CVII. *The everlaſting abſence of God intolerable.*

THAT awful day will ſurely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haſte,
When I muſt ſtand before my Judge
And paſs the ſolemn teſt.

2. Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sov'reign of my heart!
How could I bear to hear the voice
Pronounce the ſound "Depart?"

3. The thunders of that diſmal word

5. O wretched ſtate of deep deſpair
To ſee my God remove,
And fix my doleful ſtation where
I muſt not taſte his love!

6. Jeſus! I throw my arms around
And hang upon thy breaſt;
Without a gracious ſmile from thee
My ſpirit cannot reſt.

7. O tell me that my worthleſs name
Is graven on thy hands,
Show me ſome promiſe in thy book
Where my ſalvation ſtands!

[8. Give me one kind aſſuring word
To ſink my fears again,
And cheerfully my ſoul ſhall wait
Her threeſcore years and ten.]

## CVIII. *Aſſiſt to the throne of grace by a Mediator.*

Come let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And ſmile to ſee our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

2. Once 'twas a ſeat of dreadful wrath,
And ſhot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd "conſuming fire,"
And Vengeance was his name.

5. These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below
And sing his pow'r above.
6. Dear Lord! accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

CXI. *Thanksgiving for victory*, or, *God's dominion and our deliverance.*

Sion rejoice and Judah sing,
The Lord assumes his throne,
Let Britain own the heav'nly King
And make his glories known.
2. The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurl'd,
Jehovah rides upon a cloud
And thunders thro' the world.

5. Let [illegible] make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand. 20

[6. Long may the King our Sov'reign live
To rule us by his word,
And all the honours he can give
Be offer'd to the Lord.] 24

CXII. *Angels ministering to Christ and saints.*

GREAT God! to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son!
Angels in all their robes of light
Are made the servants of his throne. 4

2. Before his feet their armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state
In works of vengeance or of love. 8

3. His orders run thro' all their hosts,
Legions descend at his command
To shield and guard the British coasts
When foreign rage invades our land. 12

4. Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Thro' all the dangers that we meet
In travelling the heav'nly road. 16

5. Lord! when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou ſhalt bid me riſe and come,
Send a beloved angel down
Safe to conduct my ſpirit home.

## CXIII. *The ſame.*

THE majeſty of Solomon,
How glorious to behold!
The ſervants waiting round his throne,
The iv'ry and the gold.

2. But mighty God! thy palace ſhines
With far ſuperiour beams,
Thine angel-guards are ſwift as winds,
Thy miniſters are flames.

[3. Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on this earth,
A ſhining army downward fled
To celebrate his birth.

6. Hosanna and praise run thro' their host
To see a sinner turn,
Then Satan has a captive lost
And Christ a subject born. 24

7. But there's an hour of brighter joy
When he his angels sends
Obstinate rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends. 28

8. O could I fly without a doubt
There shall my soul be found,
Then let the great archangel shout
And the last trumpet sound. 32

## CXIV. *Christ's death, victory, and exaltation.*

I Sing my Saviour's wondrous death,
He conquer'd when he fell
"'Tis finish'd," said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell. 4

2. "'Tis finish'd," our Emanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun. 8

3. His cross is now foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When thro' the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown. 12

2. I was not born for earth and ſin,
Nor can I live on things ſo vile,
Yet I will ſtay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heav'n a while. 8

3. Then deareſt Lord in thine embrace
Let me reſign my fleeting breath,
And with a ſmile upon my face
Paſs the important hour of death. 12

## CXVIII. *The Prieſtlood of Chriſt.*

Blood has a voice to pierce the ſkies,
"Revenge" the blood of Abel cries;
But the dear ſtream when Chriſt was ſlain
Speaks "Peace" as loud from ev'ry vein. 4

2. Pardon and peace from God on high,
Behold he lays his vengeance by,
And rebels that deſerve his ſword
Become the fav'rites of the Lord. 8

3. To Jeſus let our praiſes riſe

2. The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my griefs assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in ev'ry page. 8

[3. This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own. 12

4. Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.] 16

5. This is the Judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail,
My Guide to everlasting life
Thro' all this gloomy vale. 20

6. O may thy counsels mighty God!
My roving feet command,
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand. 24

## CXX. *The law and gospel joined in scripture.*

The Lord declares his will
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out his fiery law. 4

The pity of his melting heart
And vengeance of his hands.
[4. Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence,
The arms of grace are treaſur'd here,
And armour of defence.
5. We learn Chriſt crucify'd,
And here behold his blood;
All arts and knowledges beſide
Will do us little good.]
6. We read the heav'nly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the ſtatutes of the Lord,
And truſt his promiſes.
7. In vain ſhall Satan rage
Againſt a book divine,
Where wrath and lightning guard the

2. The law diſcovers guilt and ſin,
And ſhows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the goſpel can expreſs
Forgiving love and cleanſing grace. 8

3. What curſes doth the law denounce
Againſt the man that fails but once?
But in the goſpel Chriſt appears
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years. 12

4. My ſoul! no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the goſpel gives:
The man that truſts the promiſe lives. 16

## CXXII. *Retirement and meditation.*

My God! permit me not to be
A ſtranger to myſelf and thee;
Amidſt a thouſand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my higheſt love. 4

2. Why ſhould my paſſions mix with earth
And thus debaſe my heav'nly birth?
Why ſhould I cleave to things below
And let my God my Saviour go? 8

3. Call me away from fleſh and ſenſe,
One ſov'reign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferiour joys reſign. 12

2. Be earth with all her ſcenes withdrawn,
Let noiſe and vanity be gone:
In ſecret ſilence of the mind
My heav'n and there my God I find. 16

CXXIII. *The benefit of publick ordinances.*

AWAY from ev'ry mortal care,
Away from earth our ſoul's retreat,
We leave this worthleſs world afar,
And wait and worſhip near thy ſeat. 4

2. Lord! in the temple of thy grace
We ſee thy feet and we adore,
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r. 8

3. While here our various wants we mourn
United groans aſcend on high,
And prayer bears a quick return
Of bleſſings in variety. 12

6. Father! my ſoul would ſtill abide
Within thy temple, near thy ſide,
But if my feet muſt hence depart
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

## CXXIV. *Moſes, Aaron, and Joſhua.*

'Tis not the law of ten commands
On holy Sinai giv'n,
Or ſent to men by Moſes' hands,
Can bring us ſafe to heav'n:

2. 'Tis not the blood which Aaron ſpilt,
Nor ſmoke of ſweeteſt ſmell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
Or ſave our ſouls from hell.

3. Aaron the prieſt reſigns his breath
At God's immediate will,
And in the deſert yields to death
Upon th' appointed hill.

4. And thus on Jordan's yonder ſide
The tribes of Iſrael ſtand,
While Moſes bow'd his head and dy'd
Short of the promis'd land.

5. Iſrael rejoice! now Joſhua † leads,
He 'll bring your tribes to reſt;
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The ruler and the prieſt.

† Joſhua the ſame with Jeſus, and ſignifies a Saviour.

CXXV. *Faith and repentance, unbelief and impenitence.*

LIFE and immortal joys are giv'n
To ſouls that mourn the ſins they 'ave done,
Children of wrath made heirs of heav'n
By faith in God's eternal Son. 4

2. Wo to the wretch that never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying guilt
The ſtubborn ſin of unbelief. 8

3. The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies,
He ſeals the curſe on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies. 12

CXXVI. *God glorified in the goſpel.*

THE Lord deſcending from above
Invites his children near,
While pow'r, and truth, and boundleſs love,
Diſplay their glories here. 4

4. The law its beſt obedience owes
To our incarnate God,
And thy revenging juſtice ſhows
Its honours in his blood.
5. But ſtill the luſtre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole ſcene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

## CXXVII. *Circumciſion and baptiſm.*

(Written only for thoſe who practiſe the baptiſm of infants.)

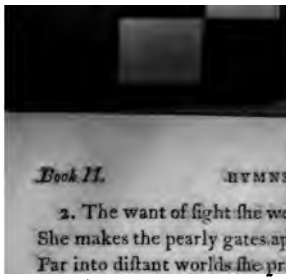
THUS did the ſons of Abra'm paſs
Under the bloody ſeal of grace;
The young diſciple's bore the yoke
Till Chriſt the painful bondage broke.
2. By milder ways doth Jeſus prove
His Father's cov'nant and his love;
He ſeals to ſaints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.
3. Their ſeed is ſprinkled with his blood,
Their children ſet apart for God;
His Spirit on their offspring ſhed
Like water pour'd upon the head.
4. Let ev'ry ſaint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children in their early days
Shall give the God of Abra'm praiſe.

CXXVIII. *Corrupt nature from Adam.*

'o with the joys of innocence
our father ſtood,
debas'd his ſoul to ſenſe
e th' unlawful food.
Now we are born a ſenſual race,
ful joys inclin'd;
has loſt its native place,
eſh enſlaves the mind.
While fleſh, and ſenſe, and paſſion, reign
he ſweeteſt good;
ey muſick in our chains
forget the load.
reat God! renew our ruin'd frame,
oken pow'rs reſtore,
us with a heav'nly flame,
eſh ſhall reign no more.
ternal Spirit! write thy law
our inward parts,
t the ſecond Adam draw
age on our hearts.

CXXIX. *We walk by faith not by ſight.*

y the faith of joys to come





2. The want of ſight ſhe well ſupplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear,
Far into diſtant worlds ſhe pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3. Cheerful we tread the duſty road,
While faith inſpires a heavenly ray,
Tho' lions roar, and tempeſts blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4. So Abra'm by divine command
Left his own houſe to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promiſ'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

## CXXX. *The new creation.*

ATTEND while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories ſhew.
"Behold I ſit upon the throne
"Creating all things new!

2. "Nature and ſin are paſs'd away,
"And the old Adam dies;
"My hands a new foundation lay,
"See the new world ariſe.

3. "I 'll be a Sun of righteouſneſs
"To the new heav'ns I make;
"None but the newborn heirs of grace
"My glories ſhall partake."

Mighty Redeemer! ſet me free
my old ſtate of ſin,
ake my ſoul alive to thee!
new pow'rs within:
enew mine eyes and form mine ears,
hould my heart afreſh,
me new paſſions, joys, and fears,
urn the ſtone to fleſh.
ar from the regions of the dead,
ſin, and earth, and hell,
new world that grace has made
d for ever dwell.

XXI. *The excellency of the Chriſtian religion.*

everlaſting glories crown
ead, my Saviour and my Lord!
ands have brought ſalvation down,
vrit the bleſſings in thy word.
What if we trace the globe around,
earch from Britain to Japan,
ſhall be no religion found
to God, ſo ſafe for man.
n vain the trembling conſcience ſeeks

4. How well thy bleſſed truths agree!
How wiſe and holy thy commands!
Thy promiſes how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort ſtands!

[5. Not the feign'd fields of Heath'niſh bliſs
Could raiſe ſuch pleaſures in the mind,
Nor does the Turkiſh paradiſe
Pretend to joys ſo well refin'd.]

6. Should all the forms that men deviſe
Aſſault my faith with treach'rous art,
I 'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the goſpel to my heart.

## CXXXII. *The offices of Chriſt.*

We bleſs the Prophet of the Lord
That comes with truth and grace;
Jeſus! thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2. We rev'rence our High Prieſt above
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love
By pleading with our God.

3. We honour our exalted King;
How ſweet are his commands!
He guards our ſouls from hell and ſin
By his almighty hands.

4. Hoſanna to his glorious name
Who ſaves by diff'rent ways;
His mercies lay a ſov'reign claim
To our immortal praiſe.

## CXXXIII. *The operations of the holy Spirit.*

ETERNAL Spirit! we confeſs
And ſing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy pow'r conveys our bleſſings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2. Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray
Our ſhades and darkneſs turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3. Thy pow'r and glory works within,
And breaks the chains of reigning ſin,
Doth our imperious luſts ſubdue,
And forms our wretched hearts anew.

4. The troubled conſcience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys,
Thy words allay the ſtormy wind,
And calm the ſurges of the mind.

## CXXXIV. *Circumciſion abolished.*

THIS promiſe was divinely free

2. He ſaid, and with a bloody ſeal
Confirm'd the words he ſpoke;
Long did the ſons of Abra'm feel
The ſharp and painful yoke. 8

3. Till God's own Son deſcending low
Gave his own fleſh to bleed,
And Gentiles taſte the bleſſings now
From the hard bondage freed. 12

4. The God of Abra'm claims our praiſe,
His promiſes endure,
And Chriſt the Lord in gentler ways
Makes the ſalvation ſure. 16

## CXXXV. *Types and prophecies of Chriſt.*

Behold the woman's promis'd ſeed!
Behold the great Meſſiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the ſuperiour room! 4

2. Abra'm the ſaint rejoic'd of old
When viſions of the Lord he ſaw;
Moſes the man of God foretold
This great Fulfiller of his law. 8

3. The types bore witneſs to his name,
Obtain'd their chief deſign and ceas'd;
The incenſe and the bleeding Lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the prieſt. 12

4. Predictions in abundance meet
To join their bleſſings on his head;
Jeſus! we worſhip at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd Seed. 16

## CXXXVI. *Miracles at the birth of Chriſt.*

The King of glory ſends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth;
Behold the midnight bright as noon
And heav'nly hoſts declare his birth! 4

2. About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories meet!
An unknown ſtar aroſe and led
The Eaſtern ſages to his feet. 8

3. Simeon and Anna both conſpire
The infant Saviour to proclaim;
Inward they felt the ſacred fire,
And bleſs'd the Babe and own'd his name. 12

4. Let Jews and Greeks blaſpheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with ſcorn,

Behold the Lord aſcending high
No more to bleed, no more to die. 12
4. Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart,
And to thoſe hands my ſoul reſign
Which bear credentials ſo divine. 16

## CXXXVIII. *The power of the goſpel.*

THIS is the word of truth and love
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here reſolves to ſhew
What his almighty grace can do. 4
2. This remedy did Wiſdom find
To heal diſeaſes of the mind;
This ſov'reign balm whoſe virtues can
Reſtore the ruin'd creature man. 8
3. The goſpel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice and live;
Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afreſh,
And hearts of ſtone are turn'd to fleſh. 12

[4. Where Satan reign'd in ſhades of night
The goſpel ſtrikes a heav'nly light,
Our luſts its wondrous pow'r controls,
And calms the rage of angry ſouls.]
[5. Lions and beaſts of ſavage name
Put on the nature of the Lamb,
While the wild world eſteems it ſtrange,
Gaze and admire, and hate the change.]
6. May but this grace my ſoul renew,
Let ſinners gaze and hate me too;
The word that ſaves me doth engage
A ſure defence from all their rage.

## CXXXIX. *The example of Chriſt.*

My dear Redeemer and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

4. Be thou my pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious image here,
Then God the Judge ſhall own my name
Amongſt the followers of the Lamb.

## CXL. *The examples of Chriſt and the ſaints.*

Give me the wings of faith to riſe
Within the vail, and ſee
The ſaints above how great their joys
And bright their glories be.

2. Once they were mourning here below
And wet their couch with tears,
They wreſtled hard as we do now
With ſins, and doubts, and fears.

3. I aſk them whence their victʼry came?
They with united breath
Aſcribe their conqueſt to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4. They mark'd the footſteps that he trod,
(His zeal inſpir'd their breaſt)
And following their incarnate God
Poſſeſs the promis'd reſt.

5. Our glorious Leader claims our praiſe
For his own pattern giv'n,
While the long cloud of witneſſes
Show the ſame path to heav'n.

CXLI. *Faith aſſiſted by ſenſe*, or, *Preaching, baptiſm, and the Lord's ſupper.*

My Saviour God, my ſov'reign Prince,
Reigns far above the ſkies,
But brings his graces down to ſenſe,
And helps my faith to riſe. 4

2. My eyes and ears ſhall bleſs his name,
They read and hear his word;
My touch and taſte ſhall do the ſame
When they receive the Lord. 8

3. Baptiſmal water is deſign'd
To ſeal his cleanſing grace,
While at his feaſt of bread and wine
He gives his ſaints a place. 12

4. But not the waters of a flood
Can make my fleſh ſo clean,
As by his Spirit and his blood
He 'll waſh my ſoul from ſin. 16

## CXLII. *Faith in Chriſt our ſacrifice.*

Not all the blood of beaſts
On Jewiſh altars ſlain
Could give the guilty conſcience peace,
Or waſh away the ſtain.

2. But Chriſt the heav'nly Lamb
Takes all our ſins away;
A ſacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3. My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I ſtand
And there confeſs my ſin.

4. My ſoul looks back to ſee
The burdens thou didſt bear
When hanging on the curſed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5. Believing we rejoice
To ſee the curſe remove,
We bleſs the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And ſing his bleeding love.

## CXLIII. *Fleſh and ſpirit.*

What diff'rent pow'rs of grace and ſin
Attend our mortal ſtate!
I hate the thoughts that work within
And do the works I hate.

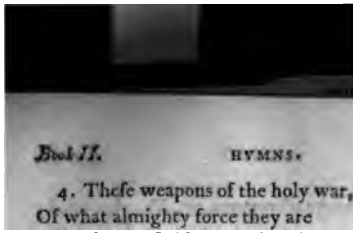
2. Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While ſin and Satan reign;
Now raiſe my ſongs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again. 8

3. So darkneſs ſtruggles with the light
Till perfect day ariſe;
Water and fire maintain the fight
Until the weaker dies. 12

4. Thus will the fleſh and ſpirit ſtrive,
And vex and break my peace,
But I ſhall quit this mortal life,
And ſin for ever ceaſe. 16

## CXLIV. *The effuſion of the Spirit*, or, *The ſucceſs of the goſpel.*

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine diſciples met,
Whilſt on their heads the Spirit came,
And ſat like tongues of cloven flame. 4





4. Theſe weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are
To make our ſtubborn paſſions bow,
And lay the proudeſt rebel low!
5. Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by theſe heav'nly arms ſubdu'd,
While Satan rages at his loſs,
And hates the doctrine of the croſs.
6. Great King of grace! my heart ſubdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And ſing the vict'ries of his word.

## CXLV. *Sight through a glaſs, and face to face.*

I Love the windows of thy grace
Thro' which my Lord is ſeen,
And long to meet my Saviour's face
Without a glaſs between.
2. O that the happy hour were come
To change my faith to ſight!
I ſhall behold my Lord at home
In a diviner light.
3. Haſte my Beloved and remove
Theſe interpoſing days,
Then ſhall my paſſions all be love,
And all my pow'rs be praiſe.

CXLVI. *The vanity of creatures*, or, *No reſt on e*

MAN has a ſoul of vaſt deſires,
He burns within with reſtleſs fires,
Toſs'd to and fro, his paſſions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2. In vain on earth we hope to find
Some ſolid good to fill the mind;
We try new pleaſures, but we feel
The inward thirſt and torments ſtill.

3. So when a raging fever burns
He ſhifts from ſide to ſide by turns,
And 'tis a poor relief we gain
To change the place but keep the pain.

4. Great God! ſubdue this vicious thirſt,
This love to vanity and duſt,
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our ſouls with joys refin'd.

CXLVII. *The creation of the world*, Gen. i.

[redacted]

3. He bids the clouds aſcend on high;
The clouds aſcend and bear
A wat'ry treaſure to the ſky,
And float on ſofter air.

4. The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand,
The rolling ſeas together flow
And leave the ſolid land.

5. With herbs and plants (a flow'ry birth)
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bleſs the earth
Or ſun to warm the ground.

6. Then he adorn'd the upper ſkies;
Behold the ſun appears,
The moon and ſtars in order riſe
To mark out months and years.

7. Out of the deep th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of ev'ry wing,
And fiſh of ev'ry name.]

8. He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wondrous birth,
And gazing beaſts of various form
Roſe from the teeming earth.

9. Adam was fram'd of equal clay
Tho' ſov'reign of the reſt,
Deſign'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image bleſt.

10. Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young creation ſtood;
He ſaw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.

11. Lord! while the frame of nature ſtands
Thy praiſe ſhall fill my tongue,
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted ſong.

## CXLVIII. *God reconciled in Chriſt.*

DEAREST of all the names above
My Jeſus and my God,
Who can reſiſt thy heav'nly love
Or trifle with thy blood?

2. 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father ſmiles again,
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3. Till God in human flesh I ſee

5. While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

CXLIX. *Honour to magistrates, or, Government from God.*

ETERNAL Sov'reign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to thy Majesty
Our first obedience owe.

2. Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence,
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

[3. The crowns of British princes shine
With rays above the rest,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the nation blest.]

4. Kingdoms on firm foundations stand
While virtue finds reward,
And sinners perish from the land
By justice and the sword.

5. Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
To Cæsar and his throne,
But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

## CI. *The deceitfulneſs of ſin.*

SIN has a thouſand treach'rous arts
To practiſe on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks ſhe tempts our hearts,
But leaves a ſting behind.

2. With names of virtue ſhe deceives
The aged and the young,
And while the heedleſs wretch believes
She makes his fetters ſtrong.

3. She pleads for all the joys ſhe brings,
And gives a fair pretence,
But cheats the ſoul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to ſenſe.

4. So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poiſon there,
And tainted all her blood.

## CII. *Prophecy and inſpiration.*

3. Great God! mine eyes with pleaſure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I ſee,
And read his name who dy'd for me. 12

4. Let the falſe raptures of the mind
Be loſt and vaniſh in the wind:
Here I can fix my hope ſecure;
This is thy word and muſt endure. 16

## CLII. *Sinai and Sion*, Heb. xii. 18, &c.

NOT to the terrours of the Lord
The tempeſt, fire, and ſmoke,
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai ſpoke; 4

2. But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And ſpread his love abroad. 8

3. Behold th' innumerable hoſt
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the ſpirits of the juſt
Whoſe faith is turn'd to ſight! 12

4. Behold the bleſs'd aſſembly there
Whoſe names are writ in heav'n!
And God the Judge of all declares
Their vileſt ſins forgiv'n. 16

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Their vileſt ſins forgiv'n.

5. The ſaints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make;
All join in Chriſt their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6. In ſuch ſociety as this
My weary ſoul would reſt:
The man that dwells where Jeſus is
Muſt be for ever bleſt.

CLIII. *The diſtemper, folly, and madneſs, of ſin.*

SIN like a venomous diſeaſe
Infects our vital blood:
The only balm is ſov'reign grace,
And the phyſician God.

2. Our beauty and our ſtrength are fled,
And we draw near to death,
But Chriſt the Lord recalls the dead
With his almighty breath.

3. Madneſs by nature reigns within,

5. We give our ſouls the wounds they feel,
We drink the pois'nous gall,
And ruſh with fury down to hell,
But Heav'n prevents the fall.]

[6. The man poſſeſs'd amongſt the tombs
Cuts his own fleſh and cries;
He ſoams and raves till Jeſus comes,
And the foul ſpirit flies.]

## CLIV. *Self-righteouſneſs inſufficient.*

"Where are the mourners (ſaith the Lord)
"That wait and tremble at my word*?
"That walk in darkneſs all the day?
"Come make my name your truſt and ſtay.

[2. "No works nor duties of your own
"Can for the ſmalleſt ſin atone;
"The robes that nature may provide
"Will not your leaſt pollutions hide†.

3. "The ſofteſt couch that nature knows
"Can give the conſcience no repoſe:
"Look to my righteouſneſs and live;
"Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

4. "Ye ſons of pride that kindle coals
"With your own hands to warm your ſouls,
"Walk in the light of your own fire,
"Enjoy the ſparks that ye deſire.

* Iſa. l. 10, 11. † Iſa. xxviii. 20.

5. "This is your portion at my hands;
'Hell waits you with her iron bands;
'Ye ſhall lie down in ſorrow there,
'In death, in darkneſs, and deſpair.

## CLV. *Chriſt our Paſſover.*

Lo! the deſtroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's ſtubborn land!
The pride and flow'r of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.

2. He paſs'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor pour'd the wrath divine,
He ſaw the blood on ev'ry door,
And bleſs'd the peaceful ſign.

3. Thus the appointed Lamb muſt bleed
To break th' Egyptian yoke,
Thus Iſrael is from bondage freed,
And 'ſcapes the angel's ſtroke.

4. Lord! if my heart were ſprinkled too
With blood ſo rich as thine,
Juſtice no longer would purſue
This guilty ſoul of mine.

5. Jeſus our Paſſover was ſlain,
And has at once procur'd

CLVI. *Preſumption and deſpair*, or, *Satan's various temptations.*

I Hate the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The ſerpent takes a thouſand forms
To cheat our ſouls to death.

2. He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with flaviſh fears,
And holds us ſtill in wide extremes,
Preſumption or deſpair.

3. Now he perſuades "how eaſy 't is
"To walk the road to heav'n;"
Anon he ſwells our ſins, and cries
"They cannot be forgiv'n."

[4. He bids young ſinners "yet forbear
"To think of God or death,
"For prayer and devotion are
"But melancholy breath."

5. He tells the aged "they muſt die,
"And 't is too late to pray;
"In vain for mercy now they cry,
"For they have loſt their day."]

6. Thus he ſupports his cruel throne
By miſchief and deceit,
And drags the ſons of Adam down
To darkneſs and the pit.

7. Almighty God! cut ſhort his pow'r,
Let him in darkneſs dwell,
And that he vex the earth no more
Confine him down to hell. 28

## CLVII. *The ſame.*

Now Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to deſtroy,
He worries whom he cann't devour
With a malicious joy. 4

2. Ye ſons of God oppoſe his rage,
Reſiſt and he 'll be gone;
Thus did our deareſt Lord engage,
And vanquiſh'd him alone. 8

3. Now he appears almoſt divine
Like innocence and love,
But the old Serpent lurks within
When he aſſumes the dove. 12

CLVIII. *Few ſaved*, or, *The almoſt Chriſtian, the hypocrite, and apoſtate.*

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thouſands walk together there,
But Wiſdom ſhows a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller. 4

2. "Deny thyſelf and take thy croſs"
Is the Redeemer's great command!
Nature muſt count her gold but droſs
If ſhe would gain this heav'nly land. 8

3. The fearful ſoul that tries and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but eſteem'd almoſt a ſaint,
And makes his own deſtruction ſure. 12

4. Lord! let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new!
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which falſe apoſtates never knew. 16

CLIX. *An unconverted ſtate*, or, *Converting grace.*

[GREAT King of glory and of grace!
We own with humble ſhame
How vile is our degen'rate race,
And our firſt father's name!] 4

From Adam flows our tainted blood,
poiſon reigns within,
es us averſe to all that 's good, 8
l willing ſlaves to ſin.
3. Daily we break thy holy laws,
d then reject thy grace,
ngag'd in the old Serpent's cauſe 12
gainſt our Maker's face.]
4. We live eſtrang'd afar from God,
And love the diſtance well;
With haſte we run the dang'rous road 16
That leads to death and hell.
5. And can ſuch rebels be reſtor'd!
Such natures made divine!
Let ſinners ſee thy glory Lord, 20
And feel this pow'r of thine.
6. We raiſe our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit ſends
To bring rebellious ſtrangers nigh, 2
nd turn his foes to friends.

2. As well might Ethiopian ſlaves
Waſh out the darkneſs of their ſkin,
The dead as well may leave their graves
As old tranſgreſſors ceaſe to ſin.

3. Where vice has held its empire long
'Twill not endure the leaſt control:
None but a pow'r divinely ſtrong
Can turn the current of the ſoul.

4. Great God! I own thy pow'r divine
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bleſs
The wonders of creating grace.

CLXI. *Chriſtian virtues*, or, *The difficulty of converſion.*

STRAIT is the way, the door is ſtrait
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds miſtake and die.

2. Beloved ſelf muſt be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd,
Paſſion ſuppreſs'd and patience try'd,
And vain deſires ſubdu'd.

[3. Fleſh is a dang'rous foe to grace
Where it prevails and rules;
Fleſh muſt be humbled, pride abas'd,
Leſt they deſtroy our ſouls.

4. The love of gold be baniſh'd hence,
(That vile idolatry)
And ev'ry member, ev'ry ſenſe,
In ſweet ſubjection lie.

5. The tongue, that moſt unruly pow'r,
Requires a ſtrong reſtraint;
We muſt be watchful ev'ry hour,
And pray but never faint.

6. Lord! can a feeble helpleſs worm
Fulfil a taſk ſo hard!
Thy grace muſt all my work perform
And give the free reward.

## CLXII. *Meditation of heaven*, or, *The joy of faith.*

My thoughts ſurmount theſe lower ſkies,
And look within the vail;
There ſprings of endleſs pleaſure riſe,
The waters never fail.

2. There I behold with ſweet delight
The bleſſed Three in One,
And ſtrong affections fix my ſight
On God's incarnate Son.

3. His promiſe ſtands for ever firm,
[redacted]

4. Light are the pains that nature brings;
How ſhort our ſorrows are
When with eternal future things
The preſent we compare!
5. I would not be a ſtranger ſtill
To that celeſtial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

## CLXIII. *Complaint of deſertion and temptations.*

DEAR Lord! behold our ſore diſtreſs,
Our ſins attempt to reign,
Stretch out thine arm of conq'ring grace,
And let thy foes be ſlain.
[2. The lion with his dreadful roar
Affrights thy feeble ſheep,
Reveal the glory of thy pow'r,
And chain him to the deep.
3. Muſt we indulge a long deſpair?
Shall our petitions die?
Our mournings never reach thine ear,
Nor tears affect thine eye?]
4. If thou deſpiſe a mortal groan
Yet hear a Saviour's blood;
An Advocate ſo near the throne
Pleads and prevails with God.

5. He brought the Spirit's pow'rful ſword
To ſlay our deadly foes;
Our ſins ſhall die beneath thy word,
And hell in vain oppoſe.
6. How boundleſs is our Father's grace
In height, and depth, and length!
He made his Son our righteouſneſs,
His Spirit is our ſtrength.

## CLXIV. *The end of the world.*

Why ſhould this earth delight us ſo?
Why ſhould we fix our eyes
On theſe low grounds where ſorrows grow,
And ev'ry pleaſure dies?
2. While Time his ſharpeſt teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the ſtars,
And joys above his pow'r.
3. Nature ſhall be diſſolv'd and die,

CLXV. *Unfruitfulneſs, ignorance, and unſanctified affections.*

LONG have I ſat beneath the ſound
Of thy ſalvation Lord,
But ſtill how weak my faith is found
And knowledge of thy word!
2. Oft' I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almoſt in vain;
How ſmall a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain!
[3. My dear Almighty and my God!
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod
And bleſſings of thy throne!]
[4. How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!]
5. Great God! thy ſov'reign pow'r impart
To give thy word ſucceſs;
Write thy ſalvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
[6. Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love ſhall never die.]

Who can aſcend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

[2. The great Inviſible! he dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light,
But his allſearching eye reveals
The ſecrets of the night.

3. Thoſe watchful eyes that never ſleep
Survey the world around;
His wiſdom is a boundleſs deep
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]

[4. Speak we of ſtrength? his arm is ſtrong
To ſave or to deſtroy;
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endleſs is his joy.]

[5. He knows no ſhadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains

7. Juſtice upon a dreadful throne
Maintains the rights of God,
While Mercy ſends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.
8. Now to my ſoul immortal King!
Speak ſome forgiving word,
Then 't will be double joy to ſing
The glories of my Lord.

## CLXVII. *The ſame.*

GREAT God! thy glories ſhall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy,
My lips in ſongs of honour bring
Their tribute to th' Eternal King.
[2. Earth and the ſtars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.]
[3. His ſov'reign pow'r what mortal knows?
If he command who dares oppoſe?
With ſtrength he girds himſelf around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.]
[4. Who ſhall pretend to teach him ſkill,
Or guide the counſels of his will?
His wiſdom like a ſea divine
Flows deep and high beyond our line.]

[5. His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealouſy;
He hates the ſons of pride, and ſheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.]

[6. The beamings of his piercing ſight
Bring dark hypocriſy to light;
Death and deſtruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.]

[7. Th' eternal law before him ſtands;
His juſtice with impartial hands
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the ſceptre or the ſword.]

[8. His mercy like a boundleſs ſea
Waſhes our load of guilt away,
While his own Son came down and dy'd
T' engage his juſtice on our ſide.]

[9. Each of his words demands my faith;
My ſoul can reſt on all he ſaith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largeſt promiſe of his lips.]

## CLXVIII. *The ſame.*

JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majeſty;
His glory ſhines with beams ſo bright
No mortal can ſuſtain the ſight.

2. His terrours keep the world in awe,
His juſtice guards his holy law,
His love reveals a ſmiling face,
His truth and promiſe ſeal the grace.

3. Thro' all his works his wiſdom ſhines,
And baffles Satan's deep deſigns;
His pow'r is ſov'reign to fulfil
The nobleſt counſels of his will.

4. And will the glorious Lord deſcend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my ſongs with angels join;
Heav'n is ſecure if God be mine.

## CLXIX. *The ſame as the* 148th *Pſalm.*

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he aſſumes
Are light and majeſty.
His glories ſhine
With beams ſo bright
No mortal eye
Can bear the ſight.

Reſolves to bleſs
His truth confirms
And ſeals the grace.

3. Thro' all his ancient works
Surpriſing wiſdom ſhines,
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd deſigns.
Strong is his arm,
And ſhall fulfil
His great decrees,
His ſov'reign will.

4. And can this mighty King
Of glory condeſcend?
And will he write his name
"My Father and my Friend!"
I love his name,
I love his word;

## CLXX. *God incomprehenſible and ſovereign.*

[CAN creatures to perfection find
Th' eternal uncreated Mind*?
Or can the largeſt ſtretch of thought
Meaſure and ſearch his nature out?
2. 'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell,
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory ſpreads beyond the ſky,
And all the ſhining worlds on high.
3. But man, vain man, would fain be wiſe!
Born like a wild young colt he flies
Thro' all the follies of his mind,
And ſwells and ſnuffs the empty wind.]
4. God is a King of pow'r unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne:
If he reſolve who dare oppoſe,
Or aſk him why or what he does?
5. He wounds the heart, and he makes whole,
He calms the tempeſt of the ſoul;
When he ſhuts up in long deſpair
Who can remove the heavy bar?
6. He frowns, and darkneſs veils the moon;
The fainting ſun grows dim at noon †:
The pillars of heav'n's ſtarry roof
Tremble and ſtart at his reproof ‡.

* Job xi. 7, &c. † Job xxv. 5. ‡ Job xxvi. 11, &c.

7. He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
The crooked ſerpent and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And ſmites the ſons of pride to death.

8. Theſe are a portion of his ways;
But who ſhall dare deſcribe his face?
Who can endure his light, or ſtand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

## BOOK III.

### PREPARED FOR THE HOLY ORDINANCE OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

1. *The Lord's Supper instituted*, 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

'Twas on that dark that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

2. Before the mournful scene began
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake:
What love thro' all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3. "This is my body broke for sin;
"Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine;
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

[4. For us his flesh with nails was torn;
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

5. For us his vital blood was ſpilt
To buy the pardon of our guilt;
When for black crimes of biggeſt ſize
He gave his ſoul a ſacrifice.]

6. "Do this," he cry'd, "till time ſhall end,
In mem'ry of your dying Friend:
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

[7. Jeſus! thy feaſt we celebrate,
We ſhow thy death, we ſing thy name,
Till thou return, and we ſhall eat
The marriage-ſupper of the Lamb.]

*I. Communion with Chriſt and with ſaints*, 1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

[Jesus invites his ſaints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels ſit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2. For food he gives his fleſh,
He bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favour! matchleſs grace!
Of our deſcending God.]

3. This holy bread and wine

4. Our heav'nly Father calls
Chriſt and his members one,
We the young children of his love,
And he the firſtborn Son.

5. We are but ſev'ral parts
Of the ſame broken bread;
One body hath its ſev'ral limbs,
But Jeſus is the head.

6. Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raiſe,
Pleaſure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praiſe.

III. *The New Teſtament in the blood of Chriſt*, or, *The New Covenant ſealed.*

"THE promiſe of my Father's love
"Shall ſtand for ever good:"
He ſaid, and gave his ſoul to death,
And ſeal'd the grace with blood.

2. To this dear cov'nant of thy word
I ſet my worthleſs name,
I ſeal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3. The light, and ſtrength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory, ſhall be mine;
My life and ſoul, my heart and fleſh,
And all my pow'rs, are thine.

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*love*, or, *Our pardon bought at a dear*

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hurm'ring word.]
nk beneath our heavy woes
to his throne:
'er a gift his hand beſtows 12

5. Now tho' he reigns exalted high
His love is ſtill as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his ſaints forget.

[6. Here we behold his bowels roll
As kind as when he dy'd,
And ſee the ſorrows of his ſoul
Bleed thro' his wounded ſide.]

[7. Here we receive repeated ſeals
Of Jeſus' dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One ſoft affection move.]

8. Here let our hearts begin to melt
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

V. *Chriſt the bread of life*, John vi. 31, 35, 39.

LET us adore th' Eternal Word,
'Tis he our ſouls has fed:
Thou art our living ſtream O Lord!
And thou th' immortal bread!

[2. The manna came from lower ſkies,
But Jeſus from above,
Where the freſh ſprings of pleaſure riſe,
And rivers flow with love.

3. The Jews the fathers dy'd at laſt
Who ate that heav'nly bread,
But theſe proviſions which we taſte
Can raiſe us from the dead.]

4. Bleſs'd be the Lord that gives his fleſh
To nouriſh dying men,
And often ſpreads his table freſh
Leſt we ſhould faint again.

5. Our ſouls ſhall draw their heav'nly breath
Whilſt Jeſus finds ſupplies,
Nor ſhall our graces ſink to death,
For Jeſus never dies.

[6. Daily our mortal fleſh decays,
But Chriſt our life ſhall come,
His unreſiſted pow'r ſhall raiſe
Our bodies from the tomb.]

VI. *The memorial of our abſent Lord*, John xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

3. The Lord of life this table ſpread
With his own fleſh and dying blood;
We on the rich proviſion feed,
And taſte the wine and bleſs the God. 12

4. Let ſinful ſweets be all forgot,
And earth grow leſs in our eſteem,
Chriſt and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him. 16

5. While he is abſent from our ſight
'Tis to prepare our ſouls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face. 20

[6. Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord ſhall come;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels
To fetch our longing ſpirits home.] 24

VII. *Crucifixion to the world by the croſs of Chriſt*, Gal. vi. 14.

When I ſurvey the wondrous croſs
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richeſt gain I count but loſs,
And pour contempt on all my pride. 4

2. Forbid it Lord that I ſhould boaſt
Save in the death of Chriſt my God:
All the vain things that charm me moſt
I ſacrifice them to his blood. 8

3. See from his head, his hands, his feet,
orrow and love flow mingled down!
id e'er ſuch love and ſorrow meet,
r thorns compoſe ſo rich a crown?
[4. His dying crimſon like a robe
preads o'er his body on the tree,
hen am I dead to all the globe,
nd all the globe is dead to me.]
5. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
hat were a preſent far too ſmall;
ove ſo amazing, ſo divine,
emands my ſoul, my life, my all.

## VIII. *The tree of life.*

[Come let us join a joyful tune
o our exalted Lord,
e ſaints on high around his throne,
nd we around his board.
2. While once upon this lower ground
eary and faint ye ſtood,
hat dear refreſhments here ye found
rom this immortal food!]
3. The tree of life that near the throne

[4. Hov'ring amongſt the leaves there ſtands
The ſweet celeſtial Dove,
And Jeſus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.] 16

[5. 'Tis a young heav'n of ſtrange delight
While in his ſhade we ſit;
His fruit is pleaſing to the ſight,
And to the taſte as ſweet. 20

6. New life it ſpreads thro' dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigour and joy the juice imparts
Without a ſting behind.] 24

7. Now let the flaming weapon ſtand
And guard all Eden's trees,
There 's ne'er a plant in all that land
That bears ſuch fruit as theſe. 28

8. Infinite Grace our ſouls adore
Whoſe wondrous hand has made
This living Branch of ſov'reign pow'r
To raiſe and heal the dead. 32

IX. *The Spirit, the water, and the blood*, 1 John v. 6.

[Let all our tongues be one
To praiſe our God on high,
Who from his boſom ſent his Son
To fetch us ſtrangers nigh. 4

2. Nor let our voices ceaſe
To ſing the Saviour's name;
Jeſus, th'Ambaſſador of peace
How cheerfully he came!
3. It coſt him cries and tears
To bring us near to God:
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.]
[4. My Saviour's pierced ſide
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the blood.
5. Infinite was our guilt,
But he our Prieſt atones;
On the cold ground his life was ſpilt,
And offer'd with his groans.]
6. Look up my ſoul to him
Whoſe death was thy deſert,
And humbly view the living ſtream

9. While the Eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And feal'd my Saviour's love. 36

[10. Lord! cleanſe my ſoul from ſin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
Great Comforter! abide within,
And witneſs to my heart.] 40

X. *Chriſt crucified: the wiſdom and power of God.*

NATURE with open volume ſtands
To ſpread her Maker's praiſe abroad,
And ev'ry labour of his hands
Shows ſomething worthy of a God. 4

2. But in the grace that reſcu'd man
His brighteſt form of glory ſhines;
Here on the croſs 't is faireſt drawn
In precious blood and crimſon lines. 8

[3. Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can gueſs nor reaſon prove
Which of the letters beſt is writ,
The pow'r, the wiſdom, or the love.] 12

4. Here I behold his inmoſt heart
Where grace and vengeance ſtrangely join,
Piercing his Son with ſharpeſt ſmart
To make the purchas'd pleaſures mine. 16

5. O the ſweet wonders of that croſs
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her nobleſt life my ſpirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding ſide.
6. I would for ever ſpeak his name
In ſounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praiſe the Lamb,
And worſhip at his Father's throne.

## XI. *Pardon brought to our ſenſes.*

LORD! how divine thy comforts are!
How heav'nly is the place
Where Jeſus ſpreads the ſacred feaſt
Of his redeeming grace!
2. There the rich bounties of our God
And ſweeteſt glories ſhine;
There Jeſus ſays "That I am his,
"And my Beloved 's mine."

5. What shall we pay our heav'nly King
For grace so vast as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

[6. Let such amazing loves as these
Be sounded all abroad;
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.]

[7. To him that wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
Eternal as his days.]

## XII. *The gospel-feast*, Luke xiv. 16, &c.

[How rich are thy provisions Lord!
Thy table furnish'd from above!
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.

2. Thine ancient family the Jews
Were first invited to the feast:
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3. We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far and death was nigh!
But at the gospel-call we came,
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.

4. From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkneſs and deſpair,
Lord! we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy preſence here.]

[5. What ſhall we pay th' Eternal Son
That left the heav'n of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down
To bring us wand'rers back to God!

6. It coſt him death to ſave our lives,
To buy our ſouls it coſt his own,
And all the unknown joys he gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.

7. Our everlaſting love is due
To him that ranſom'd ſinners loſt,
And pity'd rebels when he knew
The vaſt expenſe his love would coſt.]

XIII. *Divine Love making a feaſt and calling in the gueſts,* Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

How ſweet and awful is the place
With Chriſt within the doors,
While everlaſting love diſplays
The choiceſt of her ſtores!

[3. While all our hearts and all our ſongs
Join to admire the feaſt,
Each of us cry with thankful tongues
"Lord! why was I a gueſt?
4. "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
"And enter while there's room,
"When thouſands make a wretched choice,
"And rather ſtarve than come?"]
5. 'Twas the ſame love that ſpread the feaſt
That ſweetly forc'd us in,
Elſe we had ſtill refus'd to taſte,
And periſh'd in our ſin.
[6. Pity the nations O our God!
Conſtrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the ſtrangers home.
7. We long to ſee thy churches full,
That all the choſen race
May with one voice, and heart, and ſoul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

XIV. *The ſong of Simeon*, Luke ii. 28. or, *A ſight of Chriſt makes death eaſy.*

Now have our hearts embrac'd our God,
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wiſh to die as Simeon would,
With his young Saviour in his arms.

2. Our lips ſhould learn that joyful ſong
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his,
" Our ſouls ſtill willing to be gone,
" And at thy word depart in peace.

3. " Here we have ſeen thy face O Lord!
" And view'd ſalvation with our eyes,
" Taſted and felt the living word,
" The bread deſcending from the ſkies.

4. " Thou haſt prepar'd this dying Lamb,
" Haſt ſet his blood before our face,
" To teach the terrours of thy name,
" And ſhow the wonders of thy grace.

5. " He is our Light, our Morning-ſtar,
" Shall ſhine on nations yet unknown,
" The glory of thine Iſrael here,
" And joy of ſpirits near the throne."

XV. *Our Lord Jeſus at his own table.*

3. By faith the fame delights we taſte
As that great fav'rite did,
And ſit and lean on Jeſus' breaſt,
And take the heav'nly bread.

4. Down from the palace of the ſkies
Hither the King deſcends!
"Come my beloved, eat, (he cries)
"And drink ſalvation friends.

[5. "My fleſh is food and phyſick too,
"A balm for all your paines,
"And the red ſtreams of pardon flow
"From theſe my pierced veins."]

6. Hoſanna to his bounteous love,
For ſuch a feaſt below!
And yet he feeds his ſaints above
With nobler bleſſings too.

[7. Come the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our ſouls to reſt!
Then we ſhall need theſe types no more,
But dwell at th' heav'nly feaſt.]

## XVI. *The agonies of Chriſt.*

Now let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine,
Our ſuff'rings are not worth a thought
When Lord compar'd with thine.

2. In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of love;
Each of us hope he dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove.

[3. Our humble faith here takes her rise
While sitting round his board,
And back to Calvary she flies
To view her groaning Lord.

4. His soul what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew!
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too!

5. But the divinity within
Supported him to bear;
Dying he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.]

6. Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day!
No mortal tongue nor mortal thought
Can equal thanks repay.

XVII. *Incomparable food*, or, *The flesh and blood of Christ.*

[We ſing th' amazing deeds
That grace divine performs;
Th' Eternal God comes down and bleeds
To nouriſh dying worms. 4
2. This ſoul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour! 't is thy blood;
We thank that ſacred fleſh of thine
For this immortal food.] 8
3. The banquet that we eat
Is made of heav'nly things;
Earth hath no dainties half ſo ſweet
As our Redeemer brings. 12
4. In vain had Adam ſought
And ſearch'd his garden round,
For there was no ſuch bleſſed fruit
In all the happy ground. 16
5. Th' angelick hoſt above
Can never taſte this food;
They feaſt upon their Maker's love,
But not a Saviour's blood. 20
6. On us th' almighty Lord
Beſtows this matchleſs grace,
And meets us with ſome cheering word
With pleaſure in his face. 24

Come all ye drooping ſaints
banquet with the King,
wine will drown your ſad complaints,
une your voice to ſing.
Salvation to the name
r adored Chriſt;
the wide earth his grace proclaim,
lory in the higheſt.

## XVIII. *The ſame.*

s! we bow before thy feet!
able is divinely ſtor'd;
acred fleſh our ſouls have ate;
ving bread; we thank thee Lord!
And here we drink our Saviour's blood
ank thee Lord! 't is gen'rous wine
led with love; the fountain flow'd
that dear bleeding heart of thine.
On earth is no ſuch ſweetneſs found,
e Lamb's fleſh is heav'nly food:
n we ſearch the globe around
ead ſo fine or wine ſo good.
[illegible] provifions can at beſt

5. Joy to the Maſter of the feaſt;
His name our ſouls for ever bleſs;
To God the King and God the Prieſt
A loud hoſanna round the place.

XIX. *Glory in the croſs*, or, *Not aſhamed of Chriſt crucified.*

At thy command our deareſt Lord
Here we attend thy dying feaſt;
Thy blood like wine adorns thy board,
And thine own fleſh feeds ev'ry gueſt.

2. Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And truſts for life in one that dy'd,
We hope for heav'nly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucify'd.

3. Let the vain world pronounce it ſhame,
And fling their ſcandals on the cauſe,
We come to boaſt our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his croſs.

4. With joy we tell the ſcoffing age
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmoſt rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

XX. *The provisions for the table of our Lord,* or, *The tree of life and River of love.*

LORD! we adore thy bounteous hand,
And ſing the ſolemn feaſt,
Where ſweet celeſtial dainties ſtand
For ev'ry willing gueſt. 4

[2. The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming ſword
To guard the paſſage to 't. 8

3. The cup ſtands crown'd with living juice,
The fountain flows above,
And runs down ſtreaming for our uſe
In rivulets of love.] 12

4. The food 's prepar'd by heav'nly art,
The pleaſure 's well refin'd,
They ſpread new life thro' ev'ry heart,
And cheer the drooping mind. 16

XXI. *The triumphal feaſt for Chriſt's victory over ſin, and death, and hell.*

[Come let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys ariſe,
And join the ſongs above the ſky
Where pleaſure never dies.

2. Jeſus the God that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell,
That roſe, and in his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the pow'rs of hell.]

[3. Jeſus the God invites us here
To this triumphal feaſt,
And brings immortal bleſſings down
For each redeemed gueſt.]

4. The Lord! how glorious is his face!
How kind his ſmiles appear!
And oh! what melting words he ſays
To ev'ry humble ear!

5. "For you the children of my love,
"It was for you, I dy'd;
"Behold my hands, behold my feet,
"And look into my ſide.

6. "Theſe are the wounds for you I bore,
"The tokens of my pains,
"When I came down to free your ſouls
"From miſery and chains.

But while I bled, and groan'd, and d
n'd Satan's throne;
h on my croſs I hung, and ſpy'd -
monſter tumbling down.
" Now you muſt triumph at my feaſt
taſte my fleſh and blood,
live eternal ages bleſt,
't is immortal food."
Victorious God! what can we pay
ours ſo divine?
uld devote our hearts away
for ever thine.]
We give thee Lord our higheſt praiſe
ibute of our tongues;
emes ſo infinite as theſe
our nobleſt ſongs.

## XXII. *The compaſſion of a dying Chriſt.*

Our ſpirits join t' adore the Lamb;
O that our feeble lips could move
In ſtrains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love!
2. Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of heav'n reſigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To ranſom guilty worms from death.
[3. Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;
He from the threat'nings ſet us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his croſs,
And nail'd the curſes to the tree.]
[4. The law proclaims no terrour now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more,
From all his wounds new bleſſings flow,
A ſea of joy without a ſhore.
5. Here we have waſh'd our deepeſt ſtains,
And heal'd our wounds with heav'nly blood;
Bleſs'd Fountain! ſpringing from the veins
Of Jeſus our incarnate God.]
6. In vain our mortal voices ſtrive
To ſpeak compaſſion ſo divine:
Had we a thouſand lives to give
A thouſand lives ſhould all be thine.

XXIII. *Grace and glory by the death of*

[SITTING around our Father's board
We raiſe our tuneful breath,
Our faith beholds her dying Lord,
And dooms our ſins to death.]

2. We ſee the blood of Jeſus ſhed
Whence all our pardons riſe,
The ſinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the ſacrifice.

3. Thy cruel thorns, thy ſhameful croſs
Procure us heav'nly crowns;
Our higheſt gain ſprings from thy loſs,
Our healing from thy wounds.

4. Oh! 't is impoſſible that we
Who dwell in feeble clay
Should equal ſuff'rings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

XXIV. *Pardon and ſtrength from Ch*

FATHER! we wait to feel thy grace,
To ſee thy glories ſhine.

2. We touch, we taſte, the heav'nly bread,
We drink the ſacred cup,
With outward forms our ſenſe is fed,
Our ſouls rejoice in hope.

3. We ſhall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dreſs'd in the garments of his Son,
And ſprinkled with his blood.

4. We ſhall be ſtrong to run the race
And climb the upper ſky;
Chriſt will provide our ſouls with grace,
He bought a large ſupply.

[5. Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feaſt;
We love the mem'ry of his name
More than the wine we taſte.]

## XXV. *Divine glories and graces.*

How are thy glories here diſplay'd,
Great God! how bright they ſhine!
While at thy word we break the bread
And pour the flowing wine.

2. Here thy revenging Juſtice ſtands
And pleads its dreadful cauſe,
Here ſaving Mercy ſpreads her hands
Like Jeſus on the croſs.

Here ev'ry warmer paſſion meets,
And warmer pow'rs unite.

5. Zeal and Revenge perform their part,
And riſing Sin deſtroy,
Repentance comes with aking heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.

6. Dear Saviour change our faith to ſight,
Let ſin for ever die,
Then ſhall our ſouls be all delight,
And ev'ry tear be dry.

*I Cannot perſuade myſelf to put a full period to theſe divine Hymns till I have addreſſed a ſpecial ſong of glory to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the Latin name of it,* Gloria Patria, *be retained in our nation from the Roman church, and though there may be ſome exceſſes of ſuperſtitious honour paid to the words of it which may have wrought ſome unhappy prejudices in weaker Chriſtians, yet I believe it ſtill to be one of the nobleſt parts of Chriſtian worſhip. The ſubject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the divine nature that our Lord Jeſus Chriſt has ſo clearly revealed unto men, and is ſo neceſſary to true Chriſtianity. The action is praiſe, which is one of the moſt complete and exalted parts of Chriſtian worſhip. I have caſt the Song into a variety of forms, and have fitted it by a plain verſion or a larger paraphraſe, to be ſung either alone or at the concluſion of another Hymn. I have added alſo a few* hoſannas *or aſcriptions of ſalvation to Chriſt, in the ſame manner, and for the ſame end.*

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*A ſong of praiſe to the everbleſſed Trinity, God the Father, Son, and Spirit.*

## XXVI. Firſt. Long Metre.

Bless'd be the Father and his love,
To whoſe celeſtial ſource we owe
Rivers of endleſs joy above,
And rills of comfort here below. 4

2. Glory to thee great Son of God,
From whoſe dear wounded body rolls
A precious ſtream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying ſouls.

3. We give thee ſacred Spirit praiſe,
Who in our hearts of ſin and wo
Makes living ſprings of grace ariſe,
And into boundleſs glory flow.

4. Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore,
That ſea of life, and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a ſhore.

## XXVII. Firſt. Common Metre.

GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who from our ſinful race
Choſe out his fav'rites to proclaim
The honours of his grace.

2. Glory to God the Son be paid

4. Glory to God that reigns above,
Th' Eternal Three in One,
Who by the wonders of his love
Has made his nature known. 16

## XXVIII. Firſt. Short Metre.

LET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues:
Sinners from his firſt love derive
The ground of all their ſongs. 4

2. Ye ſaints employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who brought your ſouls from hell and death
By off'ring up his own. 8

3. Give to the Spirit praiſe
Of an immortal ſtrain,
Whoſe light, and pow'r, and grace, convey
Salvation down to men. 12

4. While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd ſin,
O may the blood and water bear
The ſame record within! 16

5. To the great One and Three
That ſeal this grace in heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory giv'n. 20

## XXIX. Second. Long Metre.

GLORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown;
In essence One, in person Three;
A social nature, yet alone. 4

2. When all our noblest pow'rs are join'd
The honours of thy name to raise,
Thy glories overmatch our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise. 8

## XXX. Second. Common Metre.

THE God of mercy be ador'd
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word
And newcreating breath. 4

2. To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,

2. Father of lights above
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal love,
And Spirit of thy pow'r. 8

XXXII. Third. Long Metre.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory, giv'n
By all on earth and all in heav'n. 4

XXXIII. Or thus:

All glory to thy wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love;
Thus we exalt the Lord the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heav'nly Dove. 4

XXXIV. Third. Common Metre.

Now let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord. 4

XXXV. Or thus:

Honour to thee almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son. 4

XXXVI. Third. Short Metre.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

XXXVII. Or thus:

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

XXXVIII. *A Song of praise to the blessed Trinity, first as the* cxlviiith *Psalm.*

I Give immortal praise
To God the Father's love
For all my comforts here
And better hopes above.
He sent his own
Eternal Son

3. To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worſhip give,
Whoſe newcreating pow'r
Makes the dead ſinner live.
His work completes
The great deſign,
And fills the ſoul
With joy divine. 24

4. Almighty God! to thee
Be endleſs honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the myſterious One.
Where reaſon fails
With all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails,
And love adores. 32

XXXIX. *The ſecond as the* cxlviiith *Pſalm.*

To him that choſe us firſt
Before the world began,
To him that bore the curſe
To ſave rebellious man;
To him that form'd
Our hearts anew
Is endleſs praiſe
And glory due. 8

2. The Father's love ſhall run
Thro' our immortal ſongs;
We bring to God the Son
Hoſannas on our tongues:

Our lips addreſs
The Spirit's name
With equal praiſe
And zeal the ſame. 16

3. Let ev'ry ſaint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bleſs and love
The ſacred Three in One:
Thus Heav'n ſhall raiſe
His honours high
When earth and time
Grow old and die. 24

XL. *The third as the* cxlviiith *Pſalm.*

To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raiſe,
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praiſe;
And while our lips
Their tribute bring